OFFICE 157 BROADWAY. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1837. NEW SERIES—VOL. VI. No 52.

THINGS THEATRICAL.

Park.—The new tragedy of Ion is the only *novelty* that we recollect seeing at the theatre for many a long day, and unlike most novelties, it is truly and really worth going to see. By many, *Ion* is not thought fitted for the stage. We hold a different opinion, and may as well express it. It is, that the actors of our stage are not fitted by talent or education for the personation of *Ion*. This we felt assured of, before the experiment of bringing it out at the Park was resolved on. A diligent perusal of this most finished and classic toned Tragedy impressed us, as we think it will every one, of the entire insufficiency of the *materiel* of an ordinary stock company to give the life, dignity, and grace requisite to anything like a faithful impersonation of a Tragedy modelled after the pure Greek, elevated, sententious, passionless, yet instinct with life and beauty, and all absorbing interest. We threw down the book with the conviction that beautiful and glowing as was every scene, yea every line, yet, to those parrot-tongued specimens of mortality, who in this city nightly exhibit the degeneracy of the Drama, it must forever continue a sealed volume.

The question naturally occurred, who can play this exquisite creation of the poet—*Ion?* For this character is purely the creature of the imagination, having no prototype in humanity, yet the natural product of a superstition, refined and ennobling, that seeks for the ideal of moral perfections in a sphere elevated above the walk of the most perfect of mortals. Who can play *Ion?* Could JOHN KEMBLE—could KEAN in their palmy days—can MACREADY—can FORREST? No, thought we—neither of them. MILTON's brightest seraph might, nor yet pollute his lip with one unhallowed word, nor his celestial thoughts with an inharmonious sentiment. Who then of earthly mould may venture to impersonate a being wrapt in the consciousness of his inspiration by the "*elder gods?*" ELLEN TREE. So we thought. We have seen her attempt it and so we think.

We should not look at ELLEN TREE in this character and distract our thoughts by asking ourselves is this the being the poet had in his mind's eye when he pictured forth from his imagination this fanciful creation? He had no human form flitting before him, whose corporeal lineaments were palpable to the sense, but some etherial essence as subtle as thought and as evanescent. We should look on Miss Tree's enactment with a free fancy—giving loose to all that is creative in our imagination, feeling, as did the poet who engendered the creation we are listening to, that the fair being whose melodious tones are thrilling us with an agony of delight, is not of this nether world, earthy, but some disconsolate Peri, who for the nonce palpably reveals to our baser senses that "stripling boy" whose frame and soul is suddenly instinct with the high conviction that the gods are about to make him at once the avenger of his country and the victim to their offended majesty.

With some such feelings did we listen to Miss Tree's *Ion* and to us the impersonation was complete—perfect. To us it was no objection that she was acting the part of a male—like a worshipper of the Grand Lama, who recognizes his God in a child, we could see the visible divinity though emanating from the lineaments of a woman. We know it has been objected to Miss Tree by perhaps the most astute and thoughtful critic in our city, that the iron manhood of a Grecian patriot and regicide, was lost entirely in the delicate proportions and womanly grace of this lady. So thought we. But let us ask if that be not the fulfilment of the poet's imagining. *Ion* was but a stripling—a youth not suddenly *corporeally* magnified into the proportions of herculean strength, but mentally and miraculously endowed with all the feelings and attributes of a hero, made vivid to his own mind by his education and ready faith in the superstitions of his country.

If then there be any incongruity in Miss Tree's enacting this part we fancy it belongs to the poet, not to her. A thousand times easier is it for us to realize the tender, pure, but high souled youth in the faultless gracefulness and feminine figure of Miss Tree, than it would be in the gigantic proportions of Forrest or yet in the wiry outline of the elder Kean. The spotless innocence and youthful purity of Ion would be lost in features rigid with the tokens of passion and of care, and this, we take it, is of more importance to the perfect imbodiment of the poet's fancy, than any mere incongruity of stature or fragility of form. The fact is the whole thing was a miracle, which those imbued with the true faith were the more ready to believe, the greater the difficulties that opposed its consummation. The sages of Argos hailed the proposition of Ion to visit the king as the promptings of the gods, and his safe return as the manifestation of their power.

So, indulgent reader, if you have had the patience to read these hasty thoughts, you can easily imagine we were among those most delighted with Miss Tree in the character of *Ion*. We think it her *chef-d'œuvre*. We have seen her in nothing that elicits half so many of those qualities for which she, more than any actress we have ever had on our boards, is peculiarly distinguished. We mean her taste—tact—judgment of stage effect—tone and cadence—costume, grace of limb and gesture, indeed everything that constitutes a finished artist and talented too,—but without a particle of genius.

What shall we say of the manner in which she was supported? What ought we not to say rather of quite as disgusting an exhibition as we ever witnessed. ISHERWOOD was *Medon*, and such a High Priest the "elder" or modern gods never had before. Besides mouthing the words a long time he seemed to swallow them and in their place gave the audience some belched up sounds that may have been high Dutch for anything they knew—they were at least unintelligible to the native born. What got into RICHINGS, heaven only knows, for he took a tragedy cue of so high a grade that he seemed talking to the stars or trying to hang his hat on the moon. Instead of giving us a wily, desperate Greek coolly and calmly plotting his revenge on his father's murderer, the king, Mr. Richings chose to personate an Italian lazzaroni, in which character by-the-bye he has few superiors, but when introduced into Ion seemed like but one other thing—a "Short Horned Durham" in china shop. *Adrastus* came better off in the hands of FREDERICKS, who has at least one great merit—he gives you the text in so distinct tones that his audience at least catch the poetry, if they be not altogether enchanted by the action. The beautiful Mrs. GURNER did all that heaven intended should be done in the part of *Clemanthe* by a lady of her amazonian size—amazonian only when compared with the slender figure of her lover, Miss Tree. It was cruelty to give her the part—it tended more to dissolve the illusion of Miss Tree's Ion than all else besides.—Miss Tree's Clemanthe should be the slightest bud of beauty that ever grew to womanhood. But, with all the imperfections in the representation of this matchless tragedy, it is quite the most enchanting thing we have seen and heard for a twelvemonth.

The Wrecker's Daughter.—In the present degenerate state of dramatic literature, an original five act play is something uncommon. It is one of those Herculean tasks which few but authors of established reputation could venture upon, save at the hazard of almost certain failure; for it is little more the intrinsic merit of the piece, than the name of the author, that insures acceptance at the hands of the critics. The deserved popularity that Mr. KNOWLES has acquired by his previous productions, fortunately spares him from all those petty annoyances concomitant on dramatic authorship, to which less distinguished writers are, unhappily, too much subjected. His lot is, in this respect, truly enviable. Long may he continue to enjoy that eminent independence over petty despotism, which he has attained by the exercise of undeniable talent. *The Wrecker's Daughter* is a domestic drama, the story of which appeared—if we mistake not—some time since in one of the London annuals, and also in the Mirror of this city, written by Mr. K. while a resident among us. Considered as a literary composition, it is inferior both to *The Hunchback*, and *The Wife*, and perhaps to *The Beggar of Bethnal Green*. It does not exhibit the depth of thought which distinguishes the first, nor does it display, in an equal degree, that gracefulness of diction and rich poetic imagery for which the second has been so highly prized. However, we should not try the merits of this play by comparison with any other of the author's productions; the subject and the persons of the drama, being altogether of another class. Instead of the lofty and refined sentiments which properly belong to persons of high rank and cultivated minds, he has given here the rude, but nervous language, natural to those who are his chief agents—a band of wreckers, to whom rapine and plunder have become familiar. The portrait may not be pleasing, but we fear it is only too faithful. However, before we attempt any further commentary on the style, it may be necessary to give a short sketch of the story and the dramatis personae, as played at the Park theatre on Monday last.

Some isolated spot of the English coast is the scene of action; it is infested by wreckers, one of whom, "old" *Robert*, (FREDERICKS,) has a daughter, *Marian*, (ELLEN TREE,) who is betrothed to *Edward*, (WHEATLEY,) a young sailor. Another wrecker, "black" *Norris*, (RICHINGS,) whose father had been transported, though universally disliked by his associates in crime, for his solitary habits and ferocious disposition, falls in love with the gentle girl, and determines to possess her, during the absence of her lover, who has gone to sea. Accident favors his design. After a desperate storm, the body of a man is cast on the beach, which is discovered by Robert, who is on the look-out for plunder. Marian, who is anxious that her father should abandon his desperate calling, follows him to the spot, and entreats him to render assistance in case any other persons should be thrown up by the sea. He yields to her persuasion, and, in going to prepare his tackle, drops his knife near the body. Norris comes up, finds the knife, with which he stabs the half-drowned wretch, and steals away. His costume is similar to that of Robert; and Marian, who is watching on the cliff, witnesses the horrid scene, under the impression that the deed has been committed by her father, who returns, and is detected by a party of wreckers rifling the body, in which his knife is still remaining. This is a contrivance of Norris's to put the old man's life in jeopardy, that he may the more easily obtain possession of the daughter. On the evidence of the wreckers, sustained by the testimony of his distracted child, Robert is convicted of the murder, and his former associates take watch in turn upon him. When Norris's turn comes, he offers the prisoner the means of escape, and promises protection to his daughter. Robert, unsuspicious of the motive, avails himself of Norris's friendship; but before quitting the country, resolves to see his daughter once more. She believes him guilty; and in a fit of sullen despair at her disregard of his solemn protestations of innocence, he abandons all thought of flight. He is retaken and committed to prison. Norris then informs Marian that Edward has been drowned at sea; and on condition of attaining her hand, pledges himself to save her father's life, to which she reluctantly assents. Another important personage then appears—a man named *Wolfe*, (ISHERWOOD,) the compeer in villany of Norris, who informs the latter that the man whom he stabbed was his own father. He adds, that when he made the discovery, life was not wholly extinct, but that, in order to forward Norris's plans, he had rendered no assistance to the dying man. Norris's feeling of compunction speedily gives place to fears for his own safety, and to escape detection, he, by a large bribe, extracts from Wolfe a promise to quit the country. Robert is released from prison, and Marian is about to become the wife of the villain Norris, when Edward returns home, his voyage having proved prosperous, even beyond his most sanguine expectations. Edward claims from Marian the performance of her long-plighted vow, but she declares that to be impossible, her hand being pledged to Norris, in consideration of his having saved the life of her father. Edward's despair is unbounded. Norris leads his poor unhappy victim to the altar, and the ceremony is about to commence, when Wolfe, who had become frantic from recollection of his crimes, and returned to his old haunts, suddenly appears in the church, and though in a raving strain, makes such disclosures as suffices to convince all present of Norris's guilt, who, in revenge, stabs Wolfe, and is himself made prisoner. The piece ends as all such pieces generally do, by the union of the lovers.

Out of such materials Mr. Knowles has wrought certainly a most effective piece, though he has used all the license accorded by generous critics to a poet, a dramatist, and a popular one, too. Some of the scenes are intensely, painfully interesting. We would mention that on the beach, when the murder is committed—the one between *Wolfe* and *Norris*—another between *Edward* and *Marian*, and the closing scene in the church. All these, and indeed several others, are finished specimens of dramatic effect. The language is remarkable rather for smoothness and equability, than for brilliant or powerful flashes of mind. It may be more properly considered as a well-written melo-drama than a high dramatic poem, such as Mr. Knowles has heretofore produced.

The acting by all the characters was as good as could be desired, and we take pleasure in thus expressing the sense of the crowded audiences that have attended each representation. Richings' *Norris* is a perfect piece of acting from first to last. Miss Tree's *Marian* was a very fine personation of a character as well adapted to her powers as if written expressly for *her*, instead of Miss Elphinstone. Wheatley really surprised us, and his friends generally, and we not only "begin to spy some marks of *talent* in him," but abilities of no common order. Fredericks was painted in bad taste: he is familiarly termed "*Old* Robert" frequently, but *looked* a younger man than Norris. He made a good deal, however, of a tolerable part. Isherwood, "for this night only, and by particular request," was quite up to the mark, and did himself not only great credit, but led us to anticipate a considerable degree of satisfaction from his future enactments.

AUGUSTA.—The benefit of this lovely danseuse on Wednesday, was such as her friends desired, and as we anticipated. The house was crowded in all parts, and the audience was by far the most elegant and refined collected during the season.

For the first time during her engagement were the tones of her voice heard upon the stage. In the adoption of the French play of *Les Deux Mots*, she has literally but two words to say, but these drew down the house. At the close of the same play she trusted her voice to sing. She was evidently frightened all but to death, and her voice, trembling with the alarm, could scarcely be heard.—But the audience were determined to be delighted, and were loud in their applause. There is but little to remark upon her performance, and this little consists in a warm and sincere compliment to the excellence of her style of pantomime, and the highest commendation of her taste in dress, (which should not be a contemptible feature in the qualification of an actress).

She also appeared with Mr. Russell in a *Styrien pas de deux*. *Chacun à son goût;* but our own opinion is, that this *pas de deux* was the gem of the evening. 'Twas novel and most elegant; the costume of Augusta was singularly beautiful, and we thought she never looked so superb before.

The famed pianist, Mr. TIMMS, next astonished and delighted all by his execution of a *Fantasia* upon his favorite instrument. He has no equal here for brilliancy of style and execution.

The evening's entertainments closed with *La Bayadere*. The performance went off as usual, save the additional enthusiasm so appropriate to the occasion. In the grand dance, in the second act, wreaths were showered upon the head of Augusta, and the testimony rendered by the spectators of their sense of her desert of such honors was almost tumultuous.

At the falling of the curtain she was called for, and led upon the stage by Mr. RICHINGS, who expressed in appropriate terms her feelings of thankfulness to her New-York friends. Again the wreaths showered upon her, and as she again retired the house shook with the applause, the ladies vieing with the pit to swell the triumph. Surely never has more general admiration and enthusiasm been manifested.

A call for a "re-engagement" and "Mr. SIMPSON," brought out the manager, who declared at once his readiness to meet their wishes by a re-engagement at the earliest opportunity. We therefore hope to see the beautiful Augusta through another season, and that preparation will be made to bring her out in new spectacles, which may afford a wider range to her varied powers.

National.—Miss Watson's Benefit, on Tuesday last, was as it should be, an excellent one. The new opera of the *Pirate Boy* improves nightly. The singing of the Watsons enchanted everybody. It is shortly to be produced at Philadelphia. The *elite* will of course, (as was the case with 'La Sonnambula,') pronounce it to be better performed in each of those places, than in Gotham, but we much doubt it, with perhaps the exception of a singing Hawkhurst, which could not be obtained at the National.

Bowery.—The new play of *Hernani* is drawing famously.

Franklin.—*Faustus* fills the house nightly, and Dinneford is "cavorting" with money in both pockets.

Miss CLIFTON closed an immensely profitable engagement at the Tremont, Boston, on Monday last, and has been induced to renew it. If the editorial corps were half crazy about her on her first engagement, they have been stark, straight-jacket-ly, staring mad on this, her second. She sails from this city for New Orleans in the packet of the 24th inst. to fulfil engagements at the American Theatre in that city, and at Mobile. Her equal in beauty, talent, and sterling histrionic ability, the Orleanois have never seen. We hope our friends at Mobile will remember the Yorkers' reception of their pet—the pretty MARY VOS. To be sure 'the blood of Douglas can protect itself,' but it is well enough for people to know, you know.

POWER is starring at Washington, HACKETT in Philadelphia, and Mrs. HAMBLIN and Mrs. McLEAN at Richmond.

Mrs. GIBBS has been enrapturing the Philadelphians.

Mr. ROWBOTHAM, co-manager with Messrs. Maywood and Pratt, of the Chesnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, died suddenly last week, greatly regretted by a wide circle of friends.

Mr. JOHN MASON.—This gentleman is fast convalescing, and his numerous friends will be pleased to learn, that in the course of a few weeks he will resume his station at the Park theatre, where his talents are much required.

Extract from a letter dated BOSTON, Feb. 4, 1837.

FRIEND P.—Perhaps Boston theatricals may prove an interesting theme—if not to you personally, at least to some of the readers of the Spirit of the Times. Since my return here from down East, I have sojourned at the Tremont House, which is so very convenient to the Tremont theatre, that almost every evening has been spent at the latter. I have seen the New York favorite, Mrs. RICHARDSON, play a great number of varied characters, and no longer wonder at her being so great a pet with you Gothamites. She is without doubt one of the most finished and versatile actresses on the American stage. Mrs. R surprised me much in respect to her personal appearance; why, her figure inclines more to the Vestris style than any other I have seen. Has she ever played *Don Giovanni* at the Park? and did you ever witness it? if not, you have lost a treat. A new piece has been brought out here, and a capital thing it is, entitled *Woman's Faith*, in which Mrs. R. sustains the part of Louise Montval. It is an affecting and most beautiful delineation; but truly, the lady excels so in all she undertakes, that 'tis almost useless to particularize; and when she leaves the Tremont, which is, I understand, to be shortly, a vacuum not to be filled by any *one* person will be created. But your "commercial metropolis" holds out inducements superior, I suppose, to "Bosting."

PICKWICKIANA.

"Laugh and grow fat" is the trite axiom of all disciples of Momus, but especially of the transcendantly witty editor of the "*Pickwick Papers.*" From the two first volumes that have been issued by the American press, we have made the extracts annexed, and on the appearance of the concluding volumes, shall gratify the readers of the Spirit of the Times with further selections from a work abounding in the richest humor, and the most felicitous sallies of wit.

"How old is that horse, my friend?" inquired Mr. Pickwick, rubbing his nose with the shilling he had reserved for the fare.

"Forty-two," replied the driver, eyeing him askant.

"What?" ejaculated Mr. Pickwick, laying his hand upon his note-book. The driver reiterated his former statement. Mr. Pickwick looked very hard at the man's face, but his features were immoveable, so he noted the fact forthwith.

"And how long do you keep him out at a time?" inquired Mr. Pickwick, searching for farther information.

"Two or three veeks!" replied the man.

"Weeks!" said Mr. Pickwick in astonishment—and out came the note-book again.

"He lives at Pentonwil when he's at home," observed the driver, coolly; "but we seldom takes him home on account of his veakness."

"On account of his weakness!" reiterated the perplexed Mr. Pickwick.

"He always falls down when he's took out o' the cab," continued the driver, "but when he's in it, we bears him up werry tight, and takes him in werry short, so as he can't werry well fall down, and we've got a pair o' precious large wheels on; so when he *does* move, they run after him, and he must go on; he can't help it."

"Sportsman, sir?" said the stranger, abruptly turning to Mr. Winkle.

"A little, sir," replied that gentleman.

"Fine pursuit, sir, fine pursuit. Dogs, sir?"

"Not just now," said Mr. Winkle.

"Ah! you should keep dogs; fine animals—sagacious creatures—dog of my own once—Pointer—surprising instinct; out shooting one day—entering inclosure—whistled—dog stopped—whistled again—Ponto—no go; stock still—called him—Ponto, Ponto; wouldn't move—dog transfixed—staring at a board; looked up, saw an inscription,—'Gamekeeper has orders to shoot all dogs found in this inclosure;' wouldn't pass it—wonderful dog—valuable dog that, very."

"Damn that boy," said Mr. Wardle, he's gone to sleep again."

"Very extraordinary boy, that," said Mr. Pickwick; "does he always sleep in this way?"

"Sleep!" said the old gentleman, "he's always asleep. Goes on errands fast asleep, and snores as he waits at table."

"How very odd!" said Mr. Pickwick.

"Ah! odd indeed," returned the old gentleman; "I'm proud of that boy—wouldn't part with him on any account—damme, he's a natural curiosity!"

"What are those lads for?" inquired Mr. Pickwick abruptly. He was rather alarmed, for he was not quite certain but that the distress of the agricultural interest, about which he had often heard a great deal, might have compelled the small boys, attached to the soil, to earn a precarious and hazardous subsistence by making marks of themselves for inexperienced sportsmen.

"Only to start the game," replied Mr. Wardle, laughing.

Fielding tells us that a man is fire, and woman tow, and the Prince of Darkness sets a light to 'em. Mr. Jingle knew that young men, to spinster aunts, are as lighted gas to gunpowder.

A loud ringing of one of the bells was followed by the appearance of a smart chambermaid in the upper sleeping gallery, who, after tapping at one of the doors, and receiving a request from within, called over the ballustrades—

"Sam!"

"Hallo," replied the man with the white hat.

"Number twenty-two wants his boots."

"Ask number twenty-two vether he'll have 'em now, or vait 'tell he gets 'em," was the reply.

"Come, don't be a fool, Sam," said the girl, coaxingly; "the gentleman wants his boots directly."

"Well, you *are* a nice young 'ooman for a musical party, you are," said the boot-cleaner. "Look at these here boots—eleven pair o' boots; and one shoe as b'longs to number six, with the wooden leg. The eleven boots is to be called at half-past eight, and the shoe at nine. Who's number twenty-two, that's to put all the others out? No, no; reg'lar rotation, as Jack Ketch said, ven he tied the men up. Sorry to keep you waitin', sir, but I'll attend to you directly."

Saying which, the man in the white hat set to work upon a top boot with increased assiduity.

There was another loud ring; and the bustling old landlady of the White Hart made her appearance in the opposite gallery.

"Sam!" cried the landlady, "where's that lazy, idle—why, Sam—oh, there you are; why don't you answer?"

"Vouldn't be gen-teel to answer 'till you'd done talking," replied Sam, gruffly.

"Here, clean them shoes for number seventeen directly, and take 'em to private sitting-room number five, first floor."

The landlady flung a pair of lady's shoes into the yard, and bustled away.

"Number 5," said Sam, as he picked up the shoes—and taking a piece of chalk from his pocket, made a memorandum of their destination on the soles—"Lady's shoes, and private sittin'-room! I suppose *she* didn't come in the vaggin."

"She came in early this morning," cried the girl, who was still leaning over the railing of the gallery, "with a gentleman in a hackney-coach, and it's him as wants his boots—and you'd better do 'em, and that's all about it."

"Vy didn't you say so before," said Sam, with great indignation, singling out the boots in question from the heap before him. "For all I know'd, he vas on o' the reg'lar three-pennies. Private room! and a lady, too! If he's anything of a gen'lm'n, he's vorth a shillin' a day, let alone the arrands."

Sumulated by the inspiring reflection, Mr. Samuel brushed away with such hearty good will, that in a few minutes the boots and shoes, with a polish which would have struck envy to the soul of the amiable Mr. Warren, (for they used Day and Martin at the White Hart,) had arrived at the door of number five.

"My father, sir," said Sam, "vos a coachman. A vidower he vos, and fat enough for anything—uncommon fat, to be sure. His missus dies, and leaves him four hundred pound. Down he goes to the Commons to see the lawyer, and draw the blunt—wery smart—top boots on—nosegay in his button-hole—broad-brimmed tile—green shawl—quite the gen'lm'n. Goes through the archvay, thinking how he should inwest the money; up comes the touter, touches his hat—'License, sir, license?' 'What's that?' says my father. 'Marriage license,' says the touter. 'Dash my veskit,' says my father 'I never thought o' that.' 'I think you wants one, sir,' says the touter. My father pulls up, and thinks a bit. 'No,' says he, 'damme, I'm too old; b'sides, I'm a many sizes too large,' says he. 'Not a bit on it, sir,' says the touter. 'Think not?' says my father. 'I'm sure not,' says he; 'we married a gen'lm'n twice your size last Monday.' 'Did you, though?' says my father. 'To be sure ve did,' says the touter—'you're a baby to him—this vay, sir—this vay!' and sure enough my father walks arter him, like a tame monkey behind a horgan, into a little back office, vere a feller sat among dirty papers and tin boxes, making believe he was busy. 'Pray take a seat, vile I makes out the affidavit, sir,' says the lawyer. 'Thankee, sir,' says my father, and down he sat, and stared with all his eyes, and his mouth vide open, at the names on the boxes. 'What's your name, sir?' says the lawyer. 'Tony Weller,' says my father. 'Parish?' says the lawyer. 'Belle Savage,' says my father, for he stopped there ven he drove up, and he know'd nothing about parishes, he didn't. 'And what's the lady's name?' says the lawyer. My father was struck all of a heap. 'Blessed if I know,' says he. 'Not know!' says the lawyer. 'No more nor you do,' says my father; 'can't I put that in afterwards?' 'Impossible!' says the lawyer. 'Wery well,' says my father, after he'd thought a moment; 'put down Mrs. Clarke.' 'What Clarke?' says the lawyer, dipping his pen in the ink. 'Susan Clarke, Markis o' Granby, Dorking,' says my father; 'she'll have me if I ask her, I dare say: I never said nothing to her, but she'll have me, I know.' The license was made out, and she *did* have him—and what's more, she's got him now; and I never had any of the four hundred pound, worse luck. Beg your pardon, sir," said Sam, when he had concluded, "but ven I gets on this here grievance, I runs on like a new barrow vith the vheel greased."

"Pretty busy, eh?" said the little man.

"Oh, werry well, sir," replied Sam, "we shan't be bankrupts, and we shan't make our fort'ns. We eats our boiled mutton without capers, and don't care for horse-radish ven ve can get beef."

"Ah," said the little man, "you're a wag, ain't you?"

"My eldest brother was troubled with that complaint;" said Sam, "it may be catching, I used to sleep with him."

"Sit down," said Mr. Pickwick.

"Thank'ee, sir," said Sam. And down he sat without farther bidding, having previously deposited his old white hat on the landing outside the door. "'Ta'nt a werry good 'un to look at," said Sam, "but it's an astonishin' 'un to wear; and afore the brim went, it was a werry handsome tile. Hows'ever, it's lighter without it, that's one thing, and every hole lets in some air, that's another—wentilation gossamer I calls it." On the delivery of this sentiment, Mr. Weller smiled agreeably upon the assembled Pickwickians.

"Now with regard to the matter on which I, with the concurrence of these gentlemen, sent for you," said Mr. Pickwick.

"That's the pint, sir," interposed Sam; "out vith it, as the father said to the child, ven he swallowed a farden."

"We want to know, in the first place," said Mr. Pickwick, "whether you have any reason to be discontented with your present situation."

"Afore I answers that 'ere question, gen'l'men," replied Mr. Weller, "I should like to know, in the first place, whether you're a goin' to purwide me vith a better."

A sunbeam of placid benevolence played on Mr. Pickwick's features as he said, "I have half made up my mind to engage you myself."

"Have you, though?" said Sam.

Mr. Pickwick nodded in the affirmative.

"Wages?" inquired Sam.

"Twelve pounds a year," replied Mr. Pickwick.

"Clothes?"

"Two suits."

"Work?"

"To attend upon me; and travel about with me and these gentlemen here."

"Take the bill down," said Sam, emphatically. "I'm let to a single gentleman, and the terms is agreed upon."

"Well, Sam," said Mr. Pickwick, as his valet appeared at his bed-room door, just as he was concluding his toilet; "all alive to-day, I suppose?"

"Reg'lar game, sir," replied Mr. Weller; "our people's a col-lecting down at the Town Arms, and they're a hollering themselves hoarse already."

"Ah," said Mr. Pickwick, "do they seem devoted to their party, Sam?"

"Never see such dewotion in my life, sir."

"Energetic, eh?" said Mr. Pickwick.

"Uncommon," replied Sam; "I never see men eat and drink so much afore. I wonder they a'n't afeer'd o' bustin."

"That's the mistaken kindness of the gentry here," said Mr. Pickwick.

"Werry likely," replied Sam briefly.

"Fine, fresh, hearty fellows they seem," said Mr. Pickwick, glancing from the window.

"Werry fresh," replied Sam; "me, and the two waiters at the Peacock, has been a pumpin' over the independent woters as supped there last night."

"Pumping over independent voters!" exclaimed Mr. Pickwick.

"Yes," said his attendant, "every man slept vere he fell down; we dragged 'em out, one by one, this mornin', and put 'em under the pump, and they're in reg'lar fine order, now. Shillin' a head the Committee paid for that 'ere job.

"Can such things be?" exclaimed the astonished Mr. Pickwick.

"Bless your heart, sir," said Sam, "why where was you half baptized?—that's nothin', that a'n't."

"Nothing?" said Mr. Pickwick.

"Nothin' at all, sir," replied his attendant. "The night afore the last day o' the last election here, the opposite party bribed the bar-maid at the Town Arms, to hocus the brandy and water of fourteen unpolled electors as was a stoppin' in the house."

"What do you mean by 'hocussing' brandy and water?" inquired Mr. Pickwick.

"Puttin' laud'num in it," replied Sam. "Blessed if she didn't send 'em all to sleep till twelve hours arter the election was over. They took one man up to the booth, in a truck, fast asleep, by way of experiment, but it was no go—they wouldn't poll him; so they brought him back and put him to bed again."

"Strange practices, these," said Mr. Pickwick; half speaking to himself, and half addressing Sam.

"Not half so strange as a miraculous circumstance as happened to my own father, at an election-time, in this werry place, sir," replied Sam.

"What was that?" inquired Mr. Pickwick.

"Why he drove a coach down here once," said Sam; "'Lection time came on, and he was engaged by vun party to bring down woters from London. Night afore he was a going to drive up, committee on t'other side sends for him quietly, and away he goes vith the messenger, who shows him in;—large room—lots of gen'l'men—heaps of papers, pens and ink, and all that 'ere. 'Ah, Mr. Weller,' says the gen'l'man in the chair, 'glad to see you, sir; how are you?'—'Werry well, thank'ee sir,' says my father; 'I hope *you're* pretty middlin,' says he—'Pretty well, thank'ee, sir,' says the gen'l'man; 'sit down, Mr. Weller—pray sit down, sir.' So my father sits down, and he and the gen'l'man looks werry hard at each other. 'You don't remember me?' says the gen'l'man—'Can't say I do,' says my father—'Oh, I know you,' says the gen'l'man; 'know'd you ven you vas a boy,' says he—'Well, I don't remember you,' says my father.—'That's werry odd,' says the gen'l'man—'Werry,' says my father.—'You must have a bad memory, Mr. Weller,' says the gen'l'man—'Well, it a werry bad 'un,' says my father.—'I thought so,' says the gen'l'man. So then they pours him out a glass o' wine, and gammons him about his driving, and gets him into a reg'lar good humor, and at last shoves a twenty pound note in his hand. 'It's a werry bad road between this and London,' says the gen'l'man—'Here and there is a werry heavy road,' says my father—''Specially near the canal, I think,' says the gen'l'man—'Nasty bit, that 'ere,' says my father—'Well, Mr. Weller,' says the gen'l'man, 'you're a werry good whip, and can do what you like with your horses, we know. We're all werry fond o' you, Mr. Weller, so in case you *should* have an accident when you're a bringing these here woters down, and *should* tip 'em over into the canal vithout hurtin' 'em, this is for yourself,' says he.—'Gen'l'man, you're werry kind,' says my father, 'and I'll drink your health in another glass of wine,' says he; vich he did, and then buttons up the money, and bows himself out. You wouldn't believe, sir," continued Sam, with a look of inexpressible impudence at his master, "that on the werry day as he came down with them woters, his coach *was* upset on that 'ere werry spot, and every man on 'em was turned into the canal."

"And got out again?" inquired Mr. Pickwick hastily.

"Why," replied Sam, very slowly, "I rather think one old gentleman was missin'; I know his hat was found, but I a'n't quite certain whether his head was in it or not. But what I look at, is the hextraordinary, and wonderful coincidence, that arter what that gentleman said, my father's coach should be upset in that werry place, and on that werry day!"

"It is, no doubt, a very extraordinary circumstance, indeed," said Mr. Pickwick.

"There's Winkle," said Mr. Tupman, pulling his friend by the sleeve.

"Where?" said Mr. Pickwick putting on his spectacles, which he had fortunately kept in his pocket hitherto.

"There," said Mr. Tupman, "on the top of that house." And there sure enough, in the leaden gutter of a tiled roof, were Mr. Winkle and Mrs. Pott, comfortably seated in a couple of chairs, waving their handkerchiefs in token of recognition—a compliment which Mr. Pickwick returned by kissing his hand to the lady.

The proceedings had not yet commenced; and as an inactive crowd are generally disposed to be jocose, this very innocent action was sufficient to awaken their facetiousness.

"Oh, you wicked old rascal," cried one voice, "looking arter the girls, are you?"

"Oh! you wenerable sinner," cried another.

"Putting on his spectacles to look at a married ooman!" said a third.

"I see him a vinkin' at her, with his vicked old eye," shouted a fourth.

"Look arter your wife, Pott," bellowed a fifth;—and then there was a roar of laughter.

As these taunts were accompanied with invidious comparisons between Mr. Pickwick and an aged ram, and several witticisms of the like nature; and as they moreover rather tended to convey reflections upon the honor of an innocent lady, Mr. Pickwick's indignation was excessive; but as silence was proclaimed at the moment, he contented himself by scorching the mob with a look of pity for their misguided minds, at which they laughed more boisterously than ever.

"Person's a waitin'," said Sam, epigrammatically.

"Does the person want me, Sam?" inquired Mr. Pickwick.

"He wants you partickler; and no one else'll do, as the Devil's private secretary said, ven he fetched avay Doctor Fostus," replied Mr. Weller.

"*He!* Is it a gentleman?" said Mr. Pickwick.

"A werry good imitation o' one if it a'n't," replied Mr. Weller.

"But this is a lady's card," said Mr. Pickwick.

"Given me by a gen'l'man, hows'ever," replied Sam, "and he's a waitin' in the drawing-room—said he'd rather wait all day than not see you."

Mr. Pickwick on hearing this determination, descended to the drawing-room, where sat a grave man, who started up on his entrance, and said, with an air of profound respect—

"Mr. Pickwick, I presume?"

"The same."

"Allow me, sir, the honor of grasping your hand—permit me, sir, to shake it," said the grave man.

"Certainly," said Mr. Pickwick.

The stranger shook the extended hand, and then continued.

"We have heard of your fame, sir. The noise of your antiquarian discussion has reached the ears of Mrs. Leo Hunter—my wife, sir; *I am Mr.* Leo Hunter"—the stranger paused, as if he expected that Mr. Pickwick would be overcome by the disclosure; but seeing that he remained perfectly calm, proceeded.

"My wife, sir—Mrs. Leo Hunter—is proud to number among her acquaintance, all those who have rendered themselves celebrated by their works and talents. Permit me, sir, to place in a conspicuous part of the list, the name of Mr. Pickwick and his brother members of the club that derives its name from him."

"I shall be extremely happy to make the acquaintance of such a lady, sir," replied Mr. Pickwick. * * * * *

"My friend Mr. Snodgrass has a great taste for poetry," said Mr. Pickwick.

"So has Mrs. Leo Hunter, sir. She dotes on poetry, Sir. She adores it; I may say that her whole soul and mind are wound up, and entwined with it. She has produced some delightful pieces, herself, sir. You may have met with her '*Ode to an Expiring Frog,*' sir."

"I don't think I have," said Mr. Pickwick.

"You astonish me, sir," said Mr. Leo Hunter. "It created an immense sensation. It was signed with an 'L' and eight stars, and appeared originally in a Lady's Magazine. It commenced

"Can I view thee panting, lying
On thy stomach, without sighing;
Can I unmoved see thee dying
On a log,
Expiring frog!"

"Beautiful!" said Mr. Pickwick.

"Fine," said Mr. Leo Hunter, "so simple."

"Very," said Mr. Pickwick.

"The next verse is still more touching. Shall I repeat it?"

"If you please," said Mr. Pickwick.

"It runs thus," said the grave man, still more gravely.

"Say, have fiends in shape of boys,
With wild halloo and brutal noise,
Hunted thee from marshy joys,
With a dog,
Expiring frog!"

"Finely expressed," said Mr. Pickwick.

"All point, sir, all point," said Mr. Leo Hunter, "but you shall hear Mrs. Leo Hunter repeat it. *She* can do justice to it, sir. She will repeat it, in character, sir, to-morrow morning."

"I should like a glass of brandy and water, warm, Sam. Where can I have it, Sam?"

Mr. Weller's knowledge of London was extensive and peculiar. He replied without the slightest consideration—

"Second court on the right hand side—last house but vun on the same side the vay—take the box as stands in the first fire-place, 'cos there an't no leg in the middle o' the table, vich all the others has, and it's werry inconwenient."

The stout man, having blown a thick cloud from his pipe, a hoarse voice, like some strange effort of ventriloquism, emerged from beneath the capacious shawls which muffled his throat and chest, and slowly uttered these sounds—"Vy, Sammy."

"Who's that, Sam?" inquired Mr. Pickwick.

"Why, I wouldn't ha' believed it, sir," replied Mr. Weller, with astonished eyes. "It's the old 'un."

"Old one!" said Mr. Pickwick. "What old one?"

"My father, sir," replied Mr. Weller. "How are you, my ancient?" And with this beautiful ebullition of filial affection, Mr. Weller made room on the seat beside him, for the stout man, who advanced pipe in mouth and pot in hand, to greet him.

"Vy, Sammy," said the father, "I han't seen you for two years and better."

"No more you have, old codger," replied the son. "How's mother-in-law?"

"Vy, I'll tell you what, Sammy," said Mr. Weller, senior, with much solemnity in his manner; "there never was a nicer woman as a widder, than that 'er second wentur o' mine—a sweet cretur she was, Sammy; and all I can say on her now, is, that as she was such an uncommon pleasant widder, it's a great pity she ever changed her condition. She don't act as a vife, Sammy."

"Don't she, though?" inquired Mr. Weller, junior.

The elder Mr. Weller shook his head as he replied with a sigh, "I've done it once too often, Sammy; I've done it once too often. Take example by your father, my boy, and be werry careful o' widders all your life, specially if they've kept a public house, Sammy;" and having delivered this parental advice with great pathos, Mr. Weller, senior, re-filled his pipe from a tin box he carried in his pocket; and, lighting his fresh pipe from the ashes of the old one, commenced smoking at a great rate.

The brandy was brought; and Mr. Weller, after pulling his hair to Mr. Pickwick, and nodding to Sam, jerked it down his capacious throat as if it had been a small thimble-full.

"Well done, father," said Sam, "take care, old fellow, or you'll have a touch of your old complaint, the gout."

"I've found a sov'rin' cure for that, Sammy," replied Mr. Weller, setting down the glass.

"A sovereign cure for the gout," said Mr. Pickwick, hastily producing his note-book, "What is it?"

"The gout, sir," replied Mr. Weller, "the gout is a complaint as arises from too much ease and comfort. If ever you're attacked with the gout, sir, just you marry a widder as has got a good loud woice, with a decent notion of usin' it, and you'll never have the gout agin. It's a capital prescription, sir, I takes it reg'lar, and I can warrant it to drive away any illness as is caused by too much jollity." Having imparted this valuable secret, Mr. Weller drained his glass once more, produced a labored wink, sighed deeply, and slowly retired.

"Well, what do you think of what your father says, Sam?" inquired Mr. Pickwick, with a smile.

"Think, sir?" replied Mr. Weller; "why, I think he's the wictim o' connubiality, as Blue Beard's domestic chaplain said, with a tear of pity, ven he buried him."

"As a friend of mine used to say to me, 'What is there in chambers, in particular?' 'Queer old places,' said I. 'Not at all,' said he. 'Lonely,' said I. 'Not a bit of it,' said he. He died one morning of apoplexy, as he was going to open his outer door. Fell with his head in his own letter-box, and there he lay for eighteen months. Every body thought he'd gone out of town."

"And how was he found at last?" inquired Mr. Pickwick.

"The benchers determined to break his door open, as he hadn't paid any rent for two years. So they did. Forced the lock; and a very dusty skeleton in a blue coat, black knee-shorts, and silks, fell forward in the arms of the porter who opened the door. Queer, that. Rather, perhaps; rather, eh?" And the little old man put his head more on one side, and rubbed his hands with unspeakable glee.

"I know another case," said the little old man, when his chuckles had in some degree subsided—"It occurred in Clifford's Inn. Tenant of a top set—bad character—shut himself up in his bed-room closet, and took a dose of arsenic. The steward thought he had run away; opened the door and put a bill up. Another man came, took the chambers, furnished them, and went to live there. Somehow or other he couldn't sleep—always restless and uncomfortable. 'Odd,' says he. 'I'll make the other room my bed-chamber, and this my sitting-room.' He made the change, and slept very well at night, but suddenly found that somehow he couldn't read in the evening; he got nervous and uncomfortable, and used to be always snuffing his candles and staring about him. 'I can't make this out,' said he, when he came home from the play one night, and was drinking a glass of cold grog, with his back to the wall, in order that he mightn't be able to fancy there was any one behind him—'I can't make it out,' said he; and just then his eyes rested on the little closet that had been always locked up, and a shudder ran through his whole frame from top to toe. 'I have felt this strange feeling before,' said he—'I cannot help thinking there's something wrong about that closet.' He made a strong effort, plucked up his courage, shivered the lock with a blow or two of the poker, opened the door, and there, sure enough, standing bolt upright in the corner, was the last tenant, with a little bottle clasped firmly in his hand, and his face livid with the hue of a painful death." As the little old man concluded, he looked round on the attentive faces of his wondering auditory with a smile of grim delight.

"That 'ere your governor's luggage, Sammy?" inquired Mr. Weller, senior, of his affectionate son, as he entered the yard of the Bull Inn, Whitechapel, with a travelling bag and a small portmanteau.

"You might ha' made a worser guess than that, old feller," replied Mr. Weller the younger, setting down his burden in the yard, and sitting himself down upon it afterwards. "The governor hisself 'll be down here presently."

"He's a cabbin' it, I suppose," said the father.

"Yes, he's a havin' two mile o' danger at eightpence," responded the son. "How's mother-in-law this mornin'?"

"Queer, Sammy, queer," replied the elder Mr. Weller, with impressive gravity. "She's been gettin' rayther in the Methodistical order lately, Sammy; and she is uncommon pious, to be sure. She's too good a creetur for me, Sammy—I feel I don't deserve her."

"Ah," said Mr. Samuel, "that's werry self-denying o' you."

"Werry," replied his parent, with a sigh. "She's got hold o' some inwention for grown-up people being born again, Sammy—the new birth, I thinks they calls it. I should werry much like to see that system in haction, Sammy. I should werry much like to see your mother-in-law born again. Wouldn't I put her out to nurse?

"What do you think them women does t'other day," continued Mr. Weller, after a short pause, during which he had significantly struck the side of his nose with his fore-finger, some half-dozen times. "What do you think they does, t'other day, Sammy?"

"Don't know," replied Sam, "what?"

"Goes and gets up a grand tea-drinkin' for a feller they calls their Shepherd," said Mr. Weller. "I was a standing starin' in at the pictur shop down at our place, when I sees a little bill about it; 'Tickets half-a-crown. All applications to be made to the committee. Secretary, Mrs. Weller.' And when I got home, there was a committee a sittin' in our back parlor—fourteen women; I wish you could ha' heard 'em, Sammy. There they was, a passin' resolutions and wotin' supplies, and all sorts o' games. Well, what with your mother-in-law a worrying me to go, and what with my looking far'ard to seeing some queer starts if I did, I put my name down for a ticket; at six o'clock on Friday evenin' I dresses myself out, werry smart, and off I goes vith the old 'ooman, and up we walks into a fust floor, where there was tea things for thirty, and a whole lot o' women as begins whisperin' to one another, and lookin' at me as if they'd never seen a rayther stout gen'l'man of eight-and-fifty afore. By-and-by, there comes a great bustle down stairs, and a lanky chap with a red nose and white neck-cloth rushes up, and sings out, "Here's the shepherd a coming to wisit his faithful flock;" and in comes a fat chap in black, vith a great white face, a smilin' avay

... clock-work. Such goin's on, Sammy. 'The kiss of peace,' says the shepherd; and then he kissed the women all round, and ven he'd done, the man vith the red nose began. I was just a thinkin whether I hadn't better begin too—'specially as there was a werry nice lady sittin' next me—ven in comes the tea, and your mother-in-law, as had been making the kettle boil, down stairs At it they went, tooth and nail. Such a precious loud hymn, Sammy, while the tea was a brewing; such a grace, such eatin' and drinkin'. I wish you could ha' seen the shepherd walkin' into the ham and muffins. I never see such a chap to eat and drink—never. The red-nosed man warn't by no means the sort of person you'd like to grub by contract, but he was nothin' to the shepherd. Well; arter the tea was over, they sang another hymn, and then the shepherd began to preach; and werry well he did it, considerin' how heavy them muffins must have lied on his chest. Presently he pulls up, all of a sudden, and hollers out, "Where is the sinner; where is the mis'rable sinner?' upon which all the women looked at me, and began to groan as if they was dying. I thought it was rather sing'lar, but hows'ever, I says nothing. Presently he pulls up again, and lookin' very hard at me, says, 'Where is the sinner; where is the mis'rable sinner?' and all the women groans again, ten times louder than afore. I got rather savage at this, so I takes a step or two for'ard and says, 'My friend,' says I, 'did you apply that 'ere observation to me?'—'Stead of beggin' my pardon as any gen'l'man would ha' done, he got more abusive than ever; called me a wessel, Sammy—a wessel of wrath—and all sorts of names. So my blood being reg'larly up, I first gave him two or three for himself, and then two or three more to hand over to the man with the red nose, and walked off. I wish you could ha' heard how the women screamed, Sammy, ven they picked up the shepherd from under the table.—Hallo! here's the governor, the size of life.'"

"I am happy in the prospect of your company, sir," said Mr. Pickwick.

"Ah," said the new-comer, "it's a good thing for both of us, isn't it? Company, you see—company is—is—it's a very different thing from solitude—a'n't it?"

"There's no denyin' that 'ere," said Mr. Weller, joining in the conversation, with an affable smile. "That's what I call a self-evident proposition, as the dog's meat man said, when the house-maid told him he worn't a gentleman."

"Now, gen'l'men," said the hostler, "coach is ready, if you please."

"Is all my luggage in?" inquired Mr. Magnus.

"All right, sir."

"Is the red bag in?"

"All right, sir."

"And the striped bag?"

"Fore boot, sir."

"And the brown-paper parcel?"

"Under the seat, sir."

"And the leathern hat-box?"

"They're all in, sir."

"Now, will you get up?" said Mr. Pickwick.

"Excuse me," replied Magnus, standing on the wheel. "Excuse me, Mr. Pickwick. I cannot consent to get up in this state of uncertainty. I am quite satisfied from that man's manner, that that leathern hat-box is *not* in."

The solemn protestations of the hostler being wholly unavailing, the leathern hat-box was obliged to be raked up from the lowest depth of the boot, to satisfy him that it had been safely packed; and after he had been assured on this head, he felt a solemn presentiment, first, that the red bag was mislaid, and next, that the striped bag had been stolen, and then that the brown-paper parcel had 'come untied.' At length when he had received ocular demonstration of the groundless nature of each and every of these suspicions, he consented to climb up to the roof of the coach, observing that now he had taken every thing off his mind, he felt quite comfortable and happy.

"It's a werry remarkable circumstance, sir," said Sam, "that poverty and oysters always go together."

"I don't understand you Sam," said Mr. Pickwick.

"What I mean, sir," said Sam, "is, that the poorer a place is, the greater call there seems to be for oysters. Look here, sir; here's a oyster stall to every half-dozen houses—the street's lined vith 'em. Blessed if I don't think that ven a man's werry poor, he rushes out of his lodgings, and eats oysters in reg'lar desperation."

"To be sure he does," said Mr. Weller senior, "and it's just the same vith pickled salmon!"

"These are two very remarkable facts, which never occurred to me before," said Mr. Pickwick. "The very first place we stop at, I'll make a note of them."

Mr. Weller was engaged in preparing for his journey to London—he was taking sustenance, in fact. On the table before him, stood a pot of ale, a cold round of beef, and a very respectable looking loaf, to each side of which he distributed his favors in turn, with the most rigid impartiality. He had just cut a mighty slice from the latter, when the footsteps of somebody entering the room, caused him to raise his head, and he beheld his son.

"Mornin' Sammy," said the father.

The son walked up to the pot of ale, and nodding significantly to his parent, took a long draught by way of reply.

"Werry good power o' suction Sammy," said Mr. Weller the elder, looking into the pot, when his first-born had set it down half empty. "You'd ha' made an uncommon fine oyster, Sammy, if you'd been born in that station o' life."

"Yes, I des-say I should ha' managed to pick up a respectable livin," replied Sam, applying himself to the cold beef with considerable vigor.

"I'm werry sorry, Sammy," said the elder Mr. Weller, shaking up the ale, by describing small circles with the pot preparatory to drinking. "I'm werry sorry, Sammy, to hear from your lips, as you let yourself be gammoned by that 'ere mulberry man. I always thought, up to three days ago, that the names of Veller and gammon could never come into contact, Sammy—never."

"Always exceptin' the case of a widder, of course," said Sam.

"Widders, Sammy," replied Mr. Weller, slightly changing color. "Widders are ceptions to every rule. I *have* heerd how many ord'nary women one widder's equal to, in pint o' comin' over you. I think it's five-and-twenty, but I don't rightly know vether it ain't more."

"Well; that's pretty well," said Sam.

"Besides," continued Mr. Weller, not noticing the interruption, "that's a werry different thing. You know what the counsel said, Sammy, as defended the gen'l'man as beat his wife with the poker venever he got jolly. 'And arter all, my lord,' says he, 'it's a amiable weakness.' So I says respectin' widders, Sammy, and so you'll say, ven you gets as old as I am."

"And now Sammy," said Mr. Weller, consulting the large double-cased silver watch that hung at the end of the copper chain. "Now it's time I was up to the office to get my vay-bill, and see the coach loaded; for coaches, Sammy, is like guns—they requires to be loaded with werry great care afore they go off."

At this parental and professional joke, Mr. Weller junior smiled a filial smile. His revered parent continued in a solemn tone—

"I'm a goin' to leave you, Samivel, my boy, and there's no telling ven I shall see you again. Your mother-in-law may ha' been too much for me, or a thousand things may have happened by the time you next hears any news o' the celebrated Mr. Veller o' the Bell Savage. The family name depends werry much upon you, Samivel, and I hope you'll do what's right by it. Upon all little pints o' breedin' I know I may trust you as vell as if it was my own self. So I've only this here one little bit of adwice to give you. If ever you gets to up'ards o' fifty, and feels disposed to go a marryin' any body—no matter who—jist you shut yourself up in your room, if you've got one, and pison yourself off hand. Hangin's wulgar, so don't you have nothin' to say to that. Pison yourself, Samivel my boy, pison yourself, and you'll be glad on it arterwards." With these affecting words Mr. Weller looked steadfastly on his son, and turning slowly upon his heel, disappeared from his sight.

Singular and very novel Circumstance.—A young planter in the upper part of the State of Mississippi, lately married to a beautiful and highly intellectual lady, after the *honey moon* had passed, was pained to observe his young bride was thoughtful at times, and appeared to suffer much from *ennui*. Thinking this might be caused by the absence of female companions, he induced several young ladies, relatives, to make his house their home, in hopes thereby to render her completely happy. This arrangement had not the desired effect. His beloved, though apparently joyful and cheerful, while conversing with him, as soon as the conversation *lagged*, relapsed into the melancholy mood. Surprised at this, he fell to pondering the cause; and after a lengthy reflection, he came to the determination of sending to New-York for a piano, to be forwarded by the first ship bound for Natchez, Vicksburg, or the Grand Gulf. Well, the musical companion at length arrived—and a splendid one it was, of beautiful mahogany, ornamented and polished, to the value of a five hundred dollar bank note. And when it discoursed such ravishing melody, as the snowy fingers of the young bride passed on the keys! The young planter was in raptures, and congratulated himself on having procured the one thing needful to his angel's complete felicity. Poor man—he paid but a poor compliment to his amiable partner's intellect, if he thought she could contentedly pass her leisure hours in strumming a piano forte! He was mistaken. Though "music hath charms," like love, it is not the only desideratum in this world—for while it pleases the ear and touches the heart, it ministers not to the mind. This lady seldom courted Apollo, and her husband had the mortification of feeling that he had not yet made his domicil a paradise to "her he adored." At last, to solve the riddle of her discontent, he asked her if she did not at times regret having entered into the marriage state.—"Oh, no indeed," she replied with earnestness—"never for a moment have I been other than your happy wife—but—sometimes—" "Well, sometimes, what, dearest?" "If I must tell you, then—sometimes I regret that you don't take the newspapers! Pa takes half a dozen."

N Orleans Paper

MR. BUNN AND THE DRAMA.

To the Editor of the [London] Sunday Times.

Sir—I find by your journal of Sunday last, that the reign of the present lessee is likely to come to a premature conclusion, and that insolvency will probably effect what no suggestion from good taste could—the investment of managerial sway in some one who possesses a real wish for the welfare of the drama. It is a fashion amid a miserable minority, to exclaim, that Mr. Bunn has upheld the drama! At the close of last season, the committee complimented, and some six or seven boobies feasted him; that a man, however unfitted for his station, should find admirers, is nothing new.

"When Nero perished, by the justest doom
That ever yet the destroyer had destroyed,
Some hands unknown spread flowers on his tomb;"

And so when Mr. Bunn had murdered the muses, and made Ducrow ride over Shakspeare, some noodles got up a laudatory dinner for his "having upheld the drama." Let us see what he has done, and is now doing. He has devoted Drury to operatic performances—very well. Has he presented to us the *best* operas of the *best* masters?—No. What of Beethoven, *Fidelio*—what of Mozart, Paer, Weber? Nothing. He has mutilated Rossini, Auber, and a few modern foreign masters, and excluded Bishop, Barnett, and other English ones.—Thus even what he has attempted, opera, he has degraded. Who presumed to "cut" *Fidelio?* Mr. Bunn or his retainers. Shade of St. Cecilia, Beethoven, corrected by Bunn! Having made a *musical-spectacle* theatre of Drury-Lane, he then, funnily enough, dubbed it exclusively "national."

He has the additional demerit of sinning with his eyes open, though a person of bad taste, he is not uneducated; his early poems, however bad the verses were, proved he had some ambition for poetic fame; he has also compiled a drama (*Kenilworth*), and has attempted the stage as *Richard, Pierre, &c.*; he has acquired, in his long career, no inconsiderable knowledge of the duties of a manager; he knows the *modus operandi* in the continental theatres well, and is certainly, in acquirements, better fitted to the stage directions than either of the gentlemen performing that duty at the "royal" and "national" theatres. It is but justice to state what Mr. Bunn can do, when we ask what has he done?—At the close of last season, a season remarkable for the desecration of Malibran, in the miserable truth, called *The Maid of Artois* (every situation in which was taken from a melo-drama acted at the Queen's three years ago), and the insults offered to our first tragedian; after that season, what did Mr. Bunn do?—He discharged Macready, Farren, Mrs. Glover, and H. Phillips; or he acted so towards them that they would not engage with him, which is the same thing.—He suffered Ellen Tree to go to America, having previously driven Dowton and Power there. If it be said Mr. Bunn brought us Forrest, we deny it; Mr. Willis Jones brought that gentleman, and in doing so incurred a risk that insured Mr. Bunn a handsome profit. Oh! but he has brought out *The Wrecker's Daughter.* Has he? Is it to Mr. Bunn, or to Mr. Price, we are indebted for this production? Well, he brought Booth, and if he failed that was Mr. Bunn's misfortune. Was it? Did he do any thing to aid Mr Booth in achieving success? He announced him on Saturday to play on the Monday following, whilst the ballet of *The Devil on Two Sticks* was underlined and "*bill'd*" for a fortnight. In this age of puffery, advertisement becomes as necessary for a good as a bad piece. What has he done for Knowles's play? Nothing. If it would succeed in despite of him, it might—it did. Mr. Bunn commenced the present season with a farce, only to be equalled in indecency by some of the comedies of the time of Charles II., all long since banished from the stage. This was followed by a drama (?) revoltingly disgusting in its fable, translated by Mr. B. Of the fate of that piece he was forewarned. Did he not, two or three days before its production, say to a friend, "I have a piece that *they* (meaning the public) *won't stand* at my place, but it would suit—(naming another manager), and he shall have it for twopence;" or something to that effect? Yet, though he believed it was too gross for endurance, he dared to present it to the public; and, despite the damnation it received, attempted to perform it a second time. With a company, containing the name of *no first-rate* performer in *any line* whatever, he has the folly to think people will pay 7s. at his theatre, when Macready, C. Kemble, Farren, Mrs. Glover, not to name Vandenhoff, may all be seen for 4s. at the other. His conduct to his own performers is well known; let us see how he uses a stranger. He engages Mr. Hill, who makes an eminently successful appearance; after six night's performances, he shelves him, without giving Mr. Hill the chance for a second character; it was enough for Mr. Bunn that he had deprived the stranger of the attraction of novelty, and thereby made him a less desirable acquisition at any other theatre. What ought we to expect from the Americans towards our actors, when one of their best comedians is thus wronged—thus insulted? The silence of a large body of the press respecting this, and many other matters, is accounted for by the degrading fact, that certain *diners-out* amid dramatic critics have perfected themselves in the art of seeing only as much as they please, and being accommodatingly blind on particular occasions, and for particular purposes. It is beyond my limited capacity to conceive what business a critic has in the manager's room, or, indeed, behind the scenes of a theatre at all. A performance can only properly be appreciated by seeing it from the front; yet this is not the mode with many modern *Aristarchi.**

What is Mr. Bunn doing this season—is he not throwing open the scenes of Drury to those danglers that demoralise the Opera-house, and disgrace the class to which they affect to belong? Did not Mr. Bunn, last season, recommence the nuisance abolished by Garrick in 1758, when, even at that period of venality, the bills of Drury had these words—"No person whatever can be admitted *behind* the scenes;" a certain noble illegitimate, and his friend G—— W——, Lord L., the S——'s, the Hon. T. D.——e, and many others of his *clique*, were seen there almost nightly; their nearly unanimons disappearance at this moment may be attributed to a similar instinct to that which makes rats quit a sinking vessel. But Mr. Bunn is a good-natured man to oblige his honorable friend—(F—— S——e, was it not?). He engaged a young lady, a bosom friend of the gentleman alluded to, at 5*l.* per week (to be sure she does not, unless an exception is made in her favor, get the money *now?*). Will Mr. Bunn tell us how *often* that lady has performed, and especially what the *effect* of her first appearance was?—At this moment does he not keep a carriage, *cockaded* coachman and footman, and live in a style of great extravagance. Whilst the *English* performers are made to wait, are not the salaries of the *foreigners* regularly paid?

Of the meeting of Wednesday, I trust, Mr. Editor, you may obtain an account, for in the *Sunday Times*, and that journal only, do I expect to find a full exposition of the "sayings and doings." At the period at which I write, I am informed, *sub rosa*, that a vocal and a tragic lady distinguished themselves by a noble resistance to the tyranny of an enforced acquiescence in the manager's wishes.

VERITAS.

* I am credibly informed that one critic passed the whole evening of a late performance in the room of a principal actor, indulging in libations to the cause of the drama, and then *and there* wrote his critique, respecting an impersonation of which he had not witnessed an iota: of course, from the locality of its occurrence, I can only give this as a hearsay.

Literary Composition.—Sergeant Talfourd is said by some to have been 17, by other 24 years in writing, re-writing, altering, and polishing his tragedy of *Ion*, and certainly it bears as great evidences of care and taste, and as high a degree of perfection as can be found in any human production. A popular author of the present day, in the preface to one of his plays, says, "the piece which these remarks precede was commenced on a Thursday, and acted on the following Monday." No wonder we have but few Shakspeares! Byron seldom or never wrote more than two or three stanzas, even of Don Juan, in one day; he thought over them, revised them, and altered the words and images, until each became a world of thought. Moore, the poet, has taken more than six weeks for a little song not more than twenty-four lines in all; but then his lyric poetry will live for ages after he shall be laid in the grave. Sir Walter Scott is the only writer of our day who has written rapidly and well, with the exception perhaps of Sir Everard Home; but the former was so conscious of the defects of his works from too speedy composition, that he declared he would never voluntarily incur the pain of mind which a re-perusal of them would necessarily occasion. Perhaps no work was ever written really well and rapidly; the ridiculous story of Dr. Johnson having written his Rasselas in a week, or, as some of his bigotted biographers say, in three days, is not only a mental but a manual impossibility. He was not a swift writer, even when engaged upon his most superficial and flimsy productions; and the composition of this, the most elaborate and highly finished of them all, must have cost him the labor of several months. It is said he wrote it to pay the expenses of his mother's funeral, and from this it has been inferred that it was begun and completed in less than a week; but he could scarcely have transcribed it in a less period than this, and a lawyer's clerk writing by the folio of a hundred words, could barely achieve the task in the time which had been allowed to the author for all the intellectual effort and care which it inevitably involved. In literature it may be adopted as a good general rule, "the more haste the worst speed," and although we do not think that Mr. Talfourd's tragedy may not have been written as well in a less period than twenty-four years, it is yet certain that no hastily composed tragedy has had a permanent existence.

N. Y. New Era.

Chameleon Horse.—A French paper states that at the castle of Vovau, near Toulon, there is a young horse which has changed his color three times. At two years old he was a bright bay, which changed to a dapple grey, and then gradually returned to its first color. At present long white streaks are beginning to form on his back and shoulders.

Scaffold Jests.—Montaigne, who of all the old French writers, abounds most in humor, mentions several instances, in one of his essays of rogues who freely jested on their way to execution. One desired not to be led to the gallows through a particular street lest one of his creditors should arrest him for an old debt. Another desired the hangman not to touch his throat as he was very ticklish in that part. Another told the priest, who had assured him he would sup that night with the Savior, that he always fasted nights. And another, seeing the multitude hurrying to the place of execution, desired them not to be in such haste, since there would be no sport till he got there.

N. Y. Sun

Prairie Fight with a Cougar or American Tiger.

After toiling for more than an hour to get my mustange on his feet again, I gave it up as a bad job, as Little Van did when he attempted to raise himself to the moon by the waistband of his breeches. Night was fast closing in, and as I began to think that I had just about sport enough for one day, I might as well look around for a place of shelter for the night, and take a fresh start in the morning, by which time I was in hopes my horse would be recruited. Near the margin of the river a large tree had been thrown down, and I thought of making my lair in its top, and approached it for that purpose. While beating among the branches I heard a low growl, as much as to say, "Stranger, the apartments are already taken." Looking about to see what kind of a bed-fellow I was likely to have, I discovered not more than five or six paces from me, an enormous Mexican cougar, eyeing me as an epicure surveys the table before he selects his dish, for I have no doubt the cougar looked upon me as the subject of a future supper. Rays of light darted from his large eyes, he showed his teeth like a negro in hysterics, and he was crouching on his haunches, ready for a spring: all of which convinced me that unless I was pretty quick upon the trigger, posterity would know little of the termination of my eventful career, and it would be far less glorious and useful than I intended to make it.

One glance satisfied me that there was no time to be lost, as Pat thought when falling from a church steeple, and exclaimed, "This would be mighty pleasant, now, if it would only last," but there was no retreat, either for me or the cougar, so I levelled my Betsey and blazed away. The report was followed by a furious growl, (which is sometimes the case in Congress,) and the next moment, when I expected to find the tarnal critter struggling with death, I beheld him shaking his head as if nothing more than a bee had stung him. The ball had struck him on the forehead and glanced off, doing no other injury than stunning him for an instant, and tearing off the skin, which tended to infuriate him the more. The cougar was not long in making up his mind what to do, nor was I either; but he would have it all his own way, and vetoed my motion to back out. I had not retreated three steps before he sprang at me like a steam-boat; I stepped aside, and as he lit upon the ground I struck him violently with the barrel of my rifle, but he didn't mind that, but wheeled round and made at me again. The gun was now of no use, so I threw it away and drew my hunting knife, for I knew we should come to close quarters before the fight would be over. This time he succeeded in fastening on my left arm, and was just beginning to amuse himself by tearing the flesh with his fangs, when I ripped my knife into his side, and he let go his hold, much to my satisfaction.

He wheeled about and came at me with increased fury, occasioned by the smarting of his wounds. I now tried to blind him, knowing that if I succeeded, he would become an easy prey; so, as he approached me, I watched my opportunity, and aimed a blow at his eyes with my knife, but unfortunately struck him on the nose, and he paid no other attention to it than by a shake of the head and a low growl. He pressed me close, and as I was stepping backward, my foot tripped in a vine and I fell to the ground. He was down upon me like a night hawk upon a June bug. He seized hold of the outer part of my right thigh, which afforded him considerable amusement. The hinder part of his body was towards my face, I grasped his tail with my left hand, and tickled his ribs with my hunting knife, which I held in my right. Still, the critter wouldn't let go his hold; and as I found that he would lacerate my leg dreadfully unless he was speedily shaken off, I tried to hurl him down the bank into the river, for our scuffle had already brought us to the edge of the bank—I stuck my knife into his side and summoned all my strength to throw him over. He resisted—was desperate heavy; but at last I got him so far down the declivity that he lost his balance, and he rolled over and over until he landed on the margin of the river; but in his fall he dragged me along with him. Fortunately, I fell uppermost, and his neck presented a fair mark for my hunting knife. Without allowing myself time to breathe, I aimed one desperate blow at his neck, and the knife entered his gullet up to the handle, and reached his heart. He struggled for a few moments and died.

I have had many fights with bears, but that was mere child's play. This was the first fight ever I had with a cougar, and I hope it may be the last.

Col. Crockett's Exploits and Adventures in Texas.

INGENIOUS MODE OF DESTROYING A BEAR.

During our halt (in the Himalaya mountains) a circumstance occurred which I confess I feel no little pleasure at having the opportunity of recording, as it is highly characteristic of the skill of the mountaineers, in baffling the ferocious propensities of those animals by which they are so perpetually threatened with mischief. I had entered a deep dell with my gun, accompanied by two hill men, in order to try if I could not succeed in killing some jungle-fowl, which are here tolerably abundant, though so wild as to render it a matter of no common difficulty to get near them. After a long and a fatiguing walk, we ascended with some toil, a very sudden abruption of the mountain, when upon gaining the summit, which overhung a precipice, a bear started from a recess in the neighbouring covert, and advanced evidently with sinister intentions towards us. I was about to fire, though my gun was only loaded with large shot, when one of my Highland guides motioned me to desist, giving me to understand, by significant gesticulations (for I understood his language but very indifferently) that he should attack the enemy unarmed; and from the coolness and dexterity with which he commenced his operations, I confess I could not persuade myself to doubt of a favourable issue, in spite of the difficulties which seemed to defy its accomplishment. Almost on the extreme edge of the precipice stood a tall tree with strong vertical branches, apparently of the character, though not the form, of the mountain ash, being very tough and elastic. The hillman approached the bear, and by exciting it, withdrew its attention from me towards himself. The exasperated beast immediately made him the object of attack, when the man adroitly sprang on the tree, as nimbly followed by the bear. The former having reached the upper branches, he quickly slipped a strong cord over the top of the limb upon which he stood, at the same time dropping the reverse end upon the ground. This was instantly seized by his companion, who pulling with all his strength, drew the point of the bough downward, until the branch projected nearly in a horizontal line from the stem; there were no intervening branches betwixt this and the precipice, the edge of which it nearly overhung, when in its natural position. As soon as the bough was warped to the necessary degree of tension, the mountaineer crept cautiously as near the extremity as he could with safety, followed as cautiously by the bear; but, the moment he saw his angry foe upon the bent branch, he dexterously let himself down by the cord to the ground.—The bear, thus unexpectedly deprived of his victim, attempted to turn, in order to retrace his steps; no sooner, however, had it relaxed its grasp of the bough for this purpose, than the hillman suddenly cut the cord, which had been securely tied to the stump of a tree, and the depressed branch instantly gained its original position with an irresistible momentum. The suddenness and vigor of the recoil shook the bear from its hold, elancing it, like the fragment of a rock from a catapult, into the empty air, uttering a stifled yell, it was hurled over the precipice, and falling with a dull crash upon the rocks beneath, no doubt soon became a prey to the vultures and jackals. The address with which the bold Highlander accomplished this exploit was as astonishing as it was novel.

Oriental Annual.

A word for Miss Clifton and two for Mrs. Richardson.—Miss Clifton, the beautiful Miss Clifton, whose appearance always reminds us of Wilson's verses to the wild deer, commencing—

"Magnificent creature! so stately and bright"—

is once again about to delight the benedicts of Boston with her spirited acting.—All the gay world will, of course, crowd to behold this "bright, particular star" of the American drama. Those who have already seen her, will hasten to renew the pleasure which they derived during her last engagement at the Tremont—and those who have not, will go to see if the anticipations, which they have formed, can be fully realized. She appears to-night in her favorite character of *Bianca*, in Milman's admirable tragedy of *Fazio*—and we advise our country readers to form as many sleighing parties as they can, and come to be enchanted—not only with the splendid *Bianca*, but with the charming *Morgiana*, as represented by Mrs. Richardson in that best of melo-dramas, *The Forty Thieves.*

We have noticed with regret that Mrs. Richardson has, by no means, been adequately appreciated in Boston. Her benefit, on Friday night, was very thinly attended; but we hardly recollect the time when we have derived a richer treat from any theatrical entertainment. Although she must have experienced considerable depression of spirits from witnessing the manner in which her efforts were rewarded, still she played during a long evening, with unfailing spirit and vivacity, and with such truth to nature, as to delight the "fit audience, though few," who were present at the representation. While at the Park theatre, Mrs. R. was the universal favorite. Her benefits were brilliantly attended. She won golden opinions from all. In our opinion she is decidedly the best "stock-actress" we ever saw. She is excellent in every thing—equally good in "tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral, scene individable, or poem unlimited." She possesses, moreover, a sweet, rich voice of great compass, and uses it with a charming discretion. We were apprehensive that she could not be induced to remain in Boston, for her success so far has not been flattering.—The critics of old standing, however, are lavish in their terms of approbation.—Should she remain, it cannot be long before she will be universally admired and greeted by audiences who will fully comprehend and value her true, chaste, and fascinating performances.

Boston Morning Post.

Repartee.—A fellow met a Bishop returning home from a public dinner. His worship was rather the worse for liquor, and the former thought to joke a little at his expense with impunity; but the Bishop recollected the fellow, and entered a complaint against him to the nearest magistrate. When asked what he had to say for himself, he stated that he did not know who the Bishop was when he insulted him.

"You lie," said the incensed divine. "Did I not put you in the stocks on a former occasion?"

"Yes, sir," said the clown, scratching his head—but you were a little merry this time—and you know we are not obliged to know the king when he is *disguised.*"

Boston Daily Herald

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

NEW-YORK: SATURDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 11, 1837.

GREAT NATIONAL SWEEPSTAKES FOR $25,000.*

The result of the Grand Sweepstakes run last Autumn, over the *Union Course*, was decided by the Judges on Wednesday last, at Washington City, in the Hall of the House of Representatives.

For this great race, that had excited the highest degree of hope and emulation, it will be recollected, many competitors had been named at an early day, most of whom have been long since withdrawn, leaving the field to the three distinguished competitors that entered the lists—to run for victory.

It will be also recollected that the stake had been taken, twelve years since, by *Bald Yankee*—of rare endowments, like his illustrious sire of Revolutionary fame, who was successor to the honors of *Immortal Patriot;* but he was beat in a second trial for the Great Stake, by *Red Breeches*, a great favorite of immense speed—a contest of almost unequalled excitement. *Bald Yankee* shared the fate of his sire, and was but once winner of the stake—then there was a charge, though proven to be unjust, of some jostling, by which *Old Hickory* and the *Georgia Giant* were thrown out; and the Judges decided in *Bald Yankee's* favor. The *Giant* being broke down, *Old Hickory*, on the next trial, a match, beat *Bald Yankee;* and, after good training, he won a second match, beating the Kentucky favorite, *Star of the West*—whose powers, when fairly developed, it is believed by many, will be found superior to any competitor that can be brought against him.

The Heir Apparent and *State Rights* having been originally trained in the same stable, for the stake, when *Old Hickory* should withdraw, it being expected that but one of them would be entered by the stake holders against the most popular opponent that could be brought against *them* to the polls—it was sometime a matter of doubt which would be preferred. The latter was known to be fast and honest—that nothing in the South could run with him. But some subtle Jockeys, working on his fiery character, roused his temper and caused him to kick and become restive, not being as obedient to command as desired; the *Heir* being of a more pliant and quiet disposition, and one too of no inconsiderable powers, became the hope of the stable; he was finally entered for the race—all the Jockeys convened, having yielded up their preferences by command of the President of the Jockey Club, to which elevated post *Old Hickory* had succeeded with better claims no doubt than the nominee of the Roman Emperor. With him the *Heir* became a prodigious favorite. He put him in regular training—had him well fed on Treasury pap—tethered with official emolument, and well rubbed down with the hopes of office—his private trials encouraged the stakeholders, who confidently expected again to pocket *the* "*Spoils*."

The *Heir Apparent* is a trig little nag, of perfect symmetry, with most beautiful little feet, but is altogether of such delicate make, it was feared he might break down under his weights of pros and cons—Northern or Southern bias, Consolidation, Abolition, Tariff and Anti-Tariff, Feds in office, Jack Cadism, &c., &c. He is of no decided color, something between that of a red and grey fox, his qualifications being likened to those of the speedy and sagacious reynard—apt to throw out his pursuers by his inimitable doubling at every turn—of good temper as well as speed, never known to bolt nor kick up, but always ready for his feed; let his old groom swear and tear as much as he pleased, he fed kindly, was always in condition for the best purse that offered, and was at last brought out for the great stake, in the best plight possible, decked out with all the "witchery" of the stable. He had run well for the New-York County Plates, leaving the great stakes to *Canal Digger* and *Popular Leader* until they had trained off. The Jockeys that had successfully started those renowned competitors, combined their forces, and the hopes of their stable ultimately rested on *the Heir;* with him they won the great New-York Stake some years since, beating *Upright Judge*, once looked upon as more "reliable" and likely to be the Northern champion than the Heir himself. When the old groom selected him for the Great Stake—and he ought to know best—he swore the *Heir* was a race nag, that he would "put him up to all he knew," and nothing could beat him.—The understrappers threw up their hats—their confidence became general, and "the Whole Hog Party" laid on the pewter until just before the start. There was then a change in the betting, as will appear.

The old opponents of Hickory thought they saw no ground for all this confidence. Some did not think the Heir could stand a long race—they did not like his Flanders cross: none of that blood had yet run well except for some small stakes—it was better fitted for slow draft. Others did not believe in Treasury pap, or that the old groom's training was infallible; but the Heir's long training gave him a decided advantage, like that of Eclipse, while his opponents were vascillating in the selection of a competitor that ought to have had their undivided attention.

The *Star of the West* was pointed out as the proper selection; but because he had been beat, when run under every disadvantage, it was decided to substitute another.

Constitutional Expounder was next looked to. There was no doubt as to his prowess—nothing could run a match like him down East, where some of his backers declared he "could beat all nater;" but their friends South and West could not be induced to put him in training, because he did not come from "the race horse region." It was feared, notwithstanding his constitutional strength and fine appearance, that this majestic brown favorite would labour under a weight of Federalism that did not weigh a feather in the other scale. Both he and the Heir too, when young, had been *too pacific* at a time when the Star of the West, like a proud war-horse, was running ahead on both sides of the Atlantic—the time that Old Hickory came into notice by winning his laurels on the plains of Orleans. Some of the down Easters persisted that Expounder should have a chance, were it a short brush, on that part of the Course near his stable. Some were in favor of sweepstakes; that if the first were a dead heat, the three best might have a second trial, in which it was expected the Heir would knock up.

Some of the Western Jockeys that had a hand in training *Old Hickory*, thought a nag of theirs would stand a good chance, and they entered *Honest Hugh*, a *White* of no small fame, that had hitherto run with success. In him Old Hickory once had the greatest confidence; but he thought he had been run off his speed, and that, with rest, he might answer after the Heir had run two heats.

The eyes of Old Hickory's former opponents were of a sudden turned with an earnest gaze towards *Old Tippecanoe*, that, both for blood and performance, was in every way "reliable"—his only disadvantage was the short training for the great stake. He was Virginia bred—got by Counsellor, of Revolutionary times. He had been trained formerly by the experienced and skilful grooms of that era: he had run with *Mad Anthony* very successfully on the Indian frontier, and at a later period won great stakes on the Wabash and the Thames, winning all the laurels within his reach, until he was withdrawn for other duties, there being no competitor to run against him, wherefore Old Hickory was broken into training, and was entered for the Orleans Stake, which would otherwise have fallen to old Tip, and have filled up the measure of his glory. He is an iron grey, of rather slight make, but has shewn great endurance and excellence of constitution; and from the speed he has displayed on various tracks, though he had latterly run for only small stakes, his backers did not doubt he would perform well.

At the appointed day, early in November, the three "bona-fide" competitors appeared in the field. The *Heir* was led to the poll by Old Hickory, mounted by an ancient Virginia Jockey of great adroitness, who, when young, had been rubber to Jefferson and Madison—had rode Monroe with great success—and was believed by many would have brought *The Giant* in first had he not fallen amiss in training. The Young Heir at that time tried his foot from the same stable, standing in the next stall to the Giant. The latter was bet largely upon *against Old Hickory*. At that time too, the Virginia Jockey could not be induced to mount the latter, objecting that he was an old "curse," with Constitutional defects; but as this venerable rider had a penchant for winners, he was too happy to mount him in his races against Bay Yankee and the Star of the West—prided himself in bringing *him in* triumphantly, and has been in that stable ever since.

Old Tip was led out by an old farmer, in a tattered uniform that he was not a little proud of, as he saw some service with it in the last war when he had a hand in starting old Tip for the prizes he won so triumphantly; but as they got more knocks than coppers in their winnings, the old veteran and his favorite have had hard fare and been poor ever since. The old farmer it was feared was too poor and honest to be an expert trainer. His son, a chip of the old block, named Whig, was old Tip's rider.

Honest Hugh was trained, groomed and rode by those who had their early education in Old Hickory's stable at the time he ran against Giant and Bald Yankee; but they had left it on the old man's changing his mode of training, at the same time imbibing an unconquerable antipathy to the Heir.

Expounder, though trained and rode by the successors to the old fashioned principles of *Immortal Patriot* and the elder Yankee, it was feared he could not be brought through in opposition to "modern reform."

From time to time it was announced how well old Tip was training; and just before the start bets were nearly equal between him and the Heir, whose party became shy, having previously bet him against the field. Soon after the start there was no small hedging. It was discovered that old Tip "had fine points;" he had "always been a favorite," but they "had not supposed he still retained such speed."

The *Union Course* was marked off by 24 *stately* posts. The start was made from the South-east corner of Pennsylvania, running East. The Heir and old Tip went off from the score head and head; as they passed along the honored plains of Jersey, the Whig, cheered by the shouts of his friends—descendants of the heroes of Trenton and Monmouth, gave Tip the rein, and he passed from that State a *little* ahead, bets inclining in his favor, and went from Gotham locked by his adversary, whose skilful rider, taking every advantage of the *turns*, got near half a length ahead as they passed the third post, young Whig not keeping old Tip to the top of his speed; but on entering the Constitutional training ground, the Expounder shot ahead with a sudden burst, when Whig took a pull upon Old Tip; but as the two contending for the lead had passed into the next State, Expounder at once gave up his run, and under the cover of a *hill* the Heir went so far in front there was no overtaking him in the Maine run; but as they turned into Vermont, Old Tip, as if snuffing up the glories of Bennington, reversed their position and passed the next post about ten lengths ahead: it now seemed Whig was too confident, for, on *relaxing* his pull, the wily veteran crept up, and calling up all the Heirs' energies upon his native soil, he shot ahead much beyond expectation; but he gradually lost his advantage as they turned into the Ohio States, old Tip now going ahead as if he could never be overtaken; but by the Tennessee post Old Hugh went in front, leading the Heir about three lengths, while Whig again took a pull upon Old Tip: the two former soon passing the next post, were brought to their speed, head and head; but in the new made ground, adapted to his *mode of running*, the young nag had the advantage, and in this way ran through the Mississippi Valley, his adroit rider getting some advantage at the Alabama *turn*, got a decided lead; but the Heir sunk under his weight in the sands of Georgia, where, after a severe brush, old Hugh regained his lead. Old Tip all this while kept in reserve, as some now think injudiciously; for had he been kept to his speed, as he stands a long run uncommonly well, he might perhaps have run the Heir off his legs. As they passed out of Georgia no small surprise was caused by the appearance in the track of an untrained nag, though of pure blood, (Stern Republican), that the Heir could not touch: he kept the track until they passed the Old North post, where the sands were supposed to be favorable to Honest Hugh—old Tip had therefore been reined in, but unfortunately old Hugh tripped up in a slippery place, after late rain, and the Heir got such a decided lead as to pass ahead into the *Ancient* part of the Course by the next post: here his Jockey took advantage of the two confederates looking to each other for support, and manfully maintained the lead, neither of the other riders applying the persuaders as they ought to have done, which might perhaps have brought one or other of them in front; but as they rounded the corner round Old Hickory's *White* stable, the Heir's strength suddenly failed him, and old Tip went from three to four lengths ahead past the Maryland and Delaware posts, looking amazingly like a winner, and entered Pennsylvania so triumphantly that for a while the bets were 2 to 1 in his favor. Now came the tug of war; but again the Whig *relaxed his efforts*, and the Heir's Jockey at the same time adroitly and successfully applied the *persuaders*, kept him at the top of his speed, and by superior riding in the true Purdy style—in the Pennsylvania run home, achieved the victory—*there* snatching it out of the fire, run up to the very eyelashes—old Tip 2d—the rest nowhere.—*The party* won largely. If beat, they would have been ruined forever; all they had was at stake. The time, considering the stake and renown of the competitors, was slow, it being evident the Whigs did not run their nags at their best gait.

Though the favorite has won, he has been run so hard that the betting is now against him for the second heat, in which the *cold blood* has never been found to repeat. He can scarce be trained as well again as by Old Hickory, nor can his veteran rider be expected to keep his seat till another trial. Moreover, the latter may be excluded, like Chifney, by the Jockey Club, as he is charged with unfair conduct, some alleging that he managed to get rid of his weight and threw it on his competitors. The matter was referred to the Judges. They assembled in the National Jockey Club Room, where the President exercises his irresistable influence, and it was decided by the Club, that *the Heir Apparent* was entitled to the splendid stake, and the $25,000 were awarded accordingly. On the 4th of March the Heir Apparent is to be in-*stalled* in the splendid *White* Stable, and in its front a circle has been laid out extra for him to begin his walking exercise, preparatory to another struggle, that may be to him more severe and less successful than the last.

THE MINOR SWEEPSTAKES, FOR $5000.

The Second National Stake was run so much like the other, that "nominis mutandis," the same description will answer for both. *Tecumseh* was trained in the same stable with the Heir; and although the veteran was too sagacious to ride him himself, he put up a cunning little Jockey that took advantage of the *same turns* by which the veteran profited—applied his *persuaders* with almost equal success, and got the same start in the *slippery ground* in the North State, by which he got such a lead that he could not be beat—yet losing it in the Old Course, he was locked by Frank, and the Judges decided it was a drawn race.—Had young *Diplomat* have been run by the Stakeholders, as most of them wished, his superior speed and better blood would have brought him through.—Expunger, a heavy, perverse animal, and a crib biter, might not have answered as well. Tecumseh had never made but one good race, when he won the second stake, at the time old Tip won the first on the Thames. On a Sunday he ran against some mail horses, on which occasion, it has been since discovered, the "report" gained him more credit than he deserved. He is an old horse, hip-shot, and from the coarseness of his mane, that wanted the curry-comb, it was thought a little of Heir's grooming might be of service to him.

Frank, groomed by the Jefferson Republican, and rode by the Northern Whig, is a magnificent young animal, a light brown, whose coat shone like silk: he is of such symmetry and beauty as to attract universal admiration. He was a general favorite of the ladies. There was no doubt of his blood: he is a son of the Old Postmaster, a capital runner. (The Post Boys have always run when well trained). With but indifferent training, he shew such speed and true game, having run some excellent races against old horses at long distances when quite a colt, that there is no doubt, had he been trained by Old Hickory and rode by the Virginia Jockey, that he might have won the great stake instead of the Heir.

Governor, son of old Governor, also very high bred, shew capital racing points and excellent speed, having formerly been a winner; but from injudicious riding, by a Virginia blackey, he did not perform as well as he ought to have done; there is, however, no doubt he is a very superior animal to Tecumseh, and could beat him in a match.

Old *Cotton Planter* seemed to be entered only to cut out the work for Tecumseh, and in that part of the track where the latter tired he was put to the Governor, and for about 25 yards or so once got the lead, but afterwards gave it up apparently making no effort to retain it.

Until lately, except on the two or three first occasions, this race has been run by inferior animals to those in the great stake. However, *State Rights* won it wice, once walking over the Course, and on another trial beating Weather Cock with great ease. The Heir in the race preceding the last won it after a severe run, beating *Petit Corporal* and *Pittsburg Envoy*.

By the influence of their President, the JOCKEY CLUB has given the $5000, Purse to Tecumseh.

Already several nags are stabled, to be put in training for future stakes. *Diplomat* or *Expunger* will be turned out, and if neither answer, *Reformer* or *Puritan* may be taken up. The truth is, they are all second rates, and no training can make them animals as *The Star, State Rights* and *Expounder*, to say nothing more of the splendid *Frank*, or *Old Tip*.

* In the Spirit of the Times of the 10th December, at the close of the Presidential contest, we published an article in many respects similar to the above, that has just been received from a favorite correspondent at Washington. We make room for it at once as our friend has done that justice to the subject, which we were unable to, not less from lack of wit than leisure.—*Editor*.

ANOTHER BULLETIN FROM ARKANSAS.

Singular Caves—Bat killing by "N." and "Old Ruddell"—Fish stories—Anecdote of the Shovel Fish—Linnet—Hickory John and Miss Medley—Industry—Star—Tychicus—Wax-Light, etc.

BATESVILLE, ARKANSAS, Jan. 10th, 1837.

DEAR P.—What say you to a short epistle on *caves?* I know it is *out of your line of business*, but then I will put a *fish tale* to it by way of a finish. Here goes at a *venter*, as the negro said when he cried amen.

About four miles from this place, on Poke Bayou, is the *Blowing Cave*, a name given to it from the circumstance, that in warm weather there is a constant current of air rushing from its mouth, prostrating weeds for the distance of some twenty yards; in cold weather the current of air is equally strong, but its direction is reversed.—A handkerchief held loosely, would be carried into the cave. In summer the air is cold—very cold, in winter warm. Perhaps the atmosphere is the same throughout the year, as I have never known it tested by a thermometer. The entrance is low, and you have to stoop to get in—once in, you tread halls worthy kingly feet. Palaces the most gorgeous would suffer by contrast with what meets your eye at every step. There is no end to them; the most daring have not penetrated some of the recesses of this vast cave. Horses have been employed in exploring it, and as yet the stopping place has not been discovered. Some of your city *scientifics* could gather materials for half a dozen volumes. If I only knew some good "why and wherefore" touching the *blowing part*, I should be satisfied.

There are many caves in the immediate vicinity of this one. I have been in most of them; in one I found vast quantities of human bones, mostly thigh and arm bones; from their size I should have judged them to have been bones of the gentler sex. Bats abound in them—they hang in lumps as big as a bushel. The way I used to slaughter them with a horsewhip was anything but comfortable to them.

About eight years ago, old man RUDDELL and myself were out here hunting, and he carried me to the most beautiful *cave* I have ever seen. The entrance to it is large enough to admit two rail road cars abreast. The floor is level—the roof is splendidly arched, and extending back as high as at the entrance for some 100 yards;—a clear stream runs through one side. In the centre is a kind of pulpit, or altar, white as snow, and as smooth as polished marble, made by the drippings from the roof. What a magnificent abode for one of the hermits of olden times. There is no end to the pure water and roots, and when he found the floor too soft for his marrow bones, in doing penance for his sins, he would only have to try the flinty hill-side, and if that would not force forgiveness, I should rather reckon he had a hard-hearted saint. I think (when the warm weather sets in) of exploring the *blowing cave*.

Now for my fish tale. Poke Bayou is a clear, beautiful stream, about twenty yards in width. In the Spring thousands of red horse and suckers go up it to deposit their spawn. These fish are killed with a gig, which is made of iron, having three prongs, and a head on each, and attached to a light pole from 15 to 20 feet in length. The best way to gig them is from a canoe. I have known three taken at one lick, and thus have been killed as many as one thousand in the course of a day.

White River, on the bank of which Batesville is situated, is one of the most beautiful rivers in the world; the water is perfectly transparent, and you can easily discover a pin at the depth of twenty feet. It abounds with many kinds of fish; they are readily taken with a gig. Night is the best time. A long canoe, or *dug out*, is procured, about midway of which is placed a scaffold of plank, on which there is laid a quantity of mud and sand. Upon this you place your pine knots; fish feed near the *bars* at night, and are easily taken. Red horse, buffalo, drum, catfish, &c., (occasionally alligator gars,) are the most common. The gar is very powerful, and often breaks the handle of your gig.

There is another species of fish found here, called the shovel fish. They are very large, and have no scales. The shovel is a foot long, and looks like an extension of the backbone. An old fellow once tried to put it on me that he had seen a couple of them acting in *cahoot* in the destruction of small fish. He represented them as shoveling out the little fry from under the logs—one catching while the other shoveled; but as I never could strain my believing faculties up to as high a pitch as to swallow Jonah's swallowing the whale, I was unable to swallow the shoveling fish story.

I cannot wind up without saying "*hurrah for Linnet!*" I have heard she ran her race, but none of the particulars. [She received ft. from *Coahoma*.] The way I walked into a fellow for a pair of No. 1 pants. is about right. But he made me give him choice between *Miss Medley* and *Hickory John* for another pair, and was gallant enough to take Miss Medley, so my pants will do me no good. [Won't they though? We wish somebody had made us such an offer.] He may reach her, but it can only happen from superior condition.

Poor *Industry!* his loss will be deeply felt. Considering his chance, his get have performed beyond any calculation. *Star* is another great loss. As to *Tychicus*, he may have been first chop, but his friends, and the former editor of the Turf Register, were so eternally "ding-donging" in everybody's ears his superior merits, that I had become prejudiced against him. It used to be *Tychicus* or *Silver Heels* every number, and I got so sick of them, that I would have as soon ate a negro's heel fried in tar, as read a chapter on either.

I see they melted the *Wax-light* at Huntsville—it was Leviathan and Leviathan. That boy *Lee* is a capital rider, but he sometimes becomes impatient, and neglects orders. He lacks Willis's judgment.

So ends the chapter on caves, fish, and horses. Truly yours, N.

☞ INDEX.—On the last page will be found an *Index* of the *principal* articles contained in the last volume of this paper. It might with propriety have been enlarged to twice its present size, but as it embraces those articles most likely to be referred to, we have thought proper to confine it to a single page. The *Pedigrees of Horses* now on the Turf, were they to be selected from our pages and placed alphabetically in an Index, would occupy nearly or quite a page; but by referring to the Index of the different races during the year past, the pedigree of almost every horse in the country may be found.

☞ CAUTION.—The subscribers to the Spirit of the Times, and our advertising friends, are particularly cautioned against the impositions of a man by the name of LILLY, who has been, and is now perhaps collecting money due this office without any authority whatever. Said *Lilly* was formerly engaged as a *carrier* of this paper in Brooklyn and the upper wards of this city, and has repeatedly abused the confidence reposed in him. He is a very large portly individual, whose impositions are only equalled by his size and disregard of *meum* and *tuum*.

[*From a Correspondent.*] A person who some time since kept a ferry on the river Potomac, was so fond of pompous language, and in common conversation used it to such a degree, that few people understood his meaning. A gentleman inquiring after his father's health, was replied to in the following manner:—

"Sir, the intense frigidity of the circumambient atmosphere has so congealed the pelucid aqueous fluid of the enormous river Potomac, that, with the most eminent and superlative reluctance, I procrastinated my premeditated egress into the palatinate province of Maryland, for the medical, chemical, and galenical coadjuvancy and co-operation of a distinguished sensitive son of Esculapius, until the peccant deleterious matter of the arthrites had pervaded the cranium into which it had ascended, and penetrated, from the inferior pedestrial major digit of my paternal relative in consanguinity; whereby his morposity was magnified so exorbitantly, as to exhibit an absoute extinguishment of vivification." G. L. S.

Sporting Intelligence.

TROTTING MATCH, $2000 ASIDE.

A trotting match, likely to be a sporting affair, has been concluded between *Columbus* and *Yankee Doodle*, to come off within six weeks from the 1st Feb. inst., as the parties may agree, to trot in wagons containing two persons, from Jones' Hotel, at Harlem, down to the City Pavements, (about five miles) for $2000 aside. The match will probably come off as soon as the road is dry; considerable interest is felt in sporting circles as to the result, and the friends of the rival nags are backing them with spirit. The odds are in favor of Columbus.

Match, $2000 a-side: Nullification *vs.* John Anderson-my-Joe.

TUSCALOOSA, Ala., 23d Jan., 1837.

Dear P.—We have a very interesting match to come off on the 17th February, 1837, between Dr. Wm. A. Leland's colt *Nullification* and Wm. Dunn's *John Anderson-my-Joe*—One mile out, for $2000, over the Tuscaloosa Course.

There will be fine sport this Spring. The purses for the different days will be worth at least *Two Thousand Dollars*, and a fine sweepstakes beside. Gen. J. A. Mabry's *Hugh L. White* arrived on the 17th inst. and is now in training for the $6000 sweepstake. Yours, &c. ELI WELLS, Sec'y.

Note.—If our special reporter should not be in attendance, will Mr. W. send us an early and full report of the races referred to, and suggest how we can reciprocate the favor?—*Editor.*

THE LAST IMPORTATION OF BLOOD STOCK.

Our special correspondent writes from Mobile under date of the 24th Jan., that the *Sherbrook*, from Liverpool, was daily looked for, in which were shipped Mr. BOARDMAN's blood stock, including *Berner's Comus*, and those named below. The present list does not correspond with that re-published in this paper of last Saturday, from Bell's Life in London—perhaps an additional lot.

No. 1. Brown mare, by Williamson's Ditto, dam by Trumpator, out of Countess, by Sir Peter, &c. &c. &c.—covered by Colwick.

No. 2. Bay mare, by Woful, out of the Alegretta, by Trumpator, grandam young Camilla, sister to Colbri, by Woodpecker—covered by Priam.

No. 3. *Plenty*, by Emilius (1832) out of Mangel Wurtzell, by Merlin, out of Moral, sister to Truffle, &c. &c.—covered by Sir Patrick.

No. 4. *Hope*, by Rubens (1826), dam by Hap Hazard, out of Promise (sister to Partizan), by Walton, Parasol by Pot-8-o's—Prunella, &c.

No. 5. Chesnut colt by Priam (out of Alexis' dam), by Soothsayer—Rubens, &c. &c.—bred by Lord Chesterfield in 1834.

This importation of stock has not yet arrived, but is expected daily. It was selected and purchased by JOHN BOARDMAN, Esq., for his brother, E. H. BOARDMAN, Esq. of Huntsville, Ala.

A WORD FOR MISS MEDLEY.

Extract from a letter to the Editor, dated COLUMBUS, Ga., 26th Jan., 1837.

Dear Sir,—On the Tuesday before her match she was so lame that she could scarcely get out of the stable. She remained so for two or three days, and took no exercise until Saturday evening. She took a light gallop of a mile on Sunday,—was sweat-brushed on Monday, and ran on Tuesday. But for the many bets "*play or pay*" she would not have started. These are facts which I see all the Augusta papers have omitted to state—but for this I think your "turnips" would have been in another man's "pot."

Note.—We shall be glad to hear frequently from our correspondent, but in the meantime, if he will refer to the account of the match between Miss Medley and Hickory John, furnished in the Spirit of the Times, he will see that mention was made of her lameness. Hickory John was also lame, and to this day has hardly recovered, having been obliged to pay forfeit on that account in his match against time; while Miss Medley won very handsomely, a three mile race the same week. Again we repeat that we shall be pleased to hear from our correspondent, and moreover, should like nothing better than to see *Miss Medley* on the Union Course, at our Second Spring meeting, with the South Carolina and Georgia "cracks," that are confidently expected.—*Editor.*

The Augusta (Ga.) Races.—Considerable disappointment was felt here that *Bay Maria* should not have been met on the four mile, day at Augusta, by something besides *Sally Vandyke*. As Brutus said, they will "meet at Philippi," and of that more anon. The Augusta papers contain the report of an unimportant match that was omitted by our correspondent, which came off on the Monday (Jan. 23) before the meeting, viz:—

Match. One mile out. $400 a-side.

Zip Coon	1	1
Cow Driver	2	2

Time, 1.50. Ages, pedigrees, etc., omitted.

The new public course sold by JOHN G. WINTER, Esq. to Messrs. Glascock and Lacy, is hereafter to be known as "*The Hampton Course*," having been properly so called in honor of Col. WADE HAMPTON, of South Carolina, one of the most distinguished turfmen in the Union. The new proprietors are about fitting it up in superb style, and it has been hinted to us that the purses not only, but the arrangements for the convenience of turfmen from a distance, and more especially for the accommodation of ladies, will be such as to ensure a strong muster of the right sort in March, when a meeting of the new Club is talked of.

The proprietors of the old course,—the *Lafayette*,—seem determined to redouble their efforts to give satisfaction, and propose to give the following handsome purses at the next annual meeting on the terms annexed:—

For the race,	Four	mile heats,		a purse of $1500
" "	Three	"		" 700
" "	Two	"		" 400
" "	One	"	best 3 in 5	" 400

The purses are subject to the following regulations, to wit:—The regular annual meeting shall come off on the first Tuesday in December, instead of the fourth Tuesday in January, or any other day in January, and the second horse in the four mile race shall receive $500 out of the purse of $1500, and the 2d horse in the three mile race shall receive $200 out of the purse of $700, provided neither is distanced. These purses, moreover, will not be given except two horses start for each purse.

Charleston, S. C. Races commence on the 20th Feb., when the fleetest and stoutest of Georgia and the Carolinas will contend for the palm of victory and the honor of their sires. Col. SINGLETON's *Medora* who has been getting well over her lameness will be there, we trust in the full enjoyment of high racing condition, and HAMMOND says *Hickory John* is "fine as silk" after complaining for a long time with a bad leg. Mr. WINTER very considerately kept him in his stable during the recent meeting at Augusta, and Messrs. KENAN & HOWARD did the same thing with *Miss Medley*, so that the three will probably come together on the Charleston track, as old Major COE says, "in all their ancient ways." It will not be "a soft place" any day during the meeting, for after the late "trial runs" of Col. HAMPTON's splendid stable, it may well "fright the souls of fearful adversaries." Col. H. has commenced the campaign of 1837 with the brilliancy of Napoleon's first series of Italian victories, having thus far won every race in which his horses have been engaged, including 2 four mile races. The amount of purses and stakes won by his stable exclusive of his subscription of $300 in sweepstakes, is $4,250!—not so bad for a single month. Several other fine stables, including those of Messrs. Harrison, Spann, Guignard, Rowe, Townes & Smith, Flud, McRae, etc., etc., are confidently expected, with such a gathering of "fine women and brave men," as cannot fail to give eclat to the meeting, and character and new attraction to the manly sports of the turf.

Bill Austin.—We stated on the authority of a correspondent last week, that Col. CROWELL had sold Bill Austin for $2000. The small amount at which the horse sold, excited a doubt in the minds of some as to the authenticity of the statement, that we can readily allay. A gentleman very recently from Augusta informs us that Bill Austin is dead lame, and probably ever will be, and that he is besides nearly stone blind, which will account satisfactorily, we should suppose, for the cheap-as-dirt-price at which he sold, notwithstanding he was considered, before the match came off between his owner's stable and *Argyle*, to be a superior horse to *John Bascombe*, who was eventually selected, Bolivia, Lady Nashville, and Bill having broke down.

Kendall Course Races, Spring, 1837.—Mr. KENDALL writes us to this effect: "It not being convenient for Col. SELDEN to change the day on which the races over the Central Course were to take place, as anticipated at the time arrangements were made (last Fall) for the Washington, Kendall, and Camden Spring races, as advertised,—I have to apprise you that the Kendall Course races will take place on the week following, after the Washington races. They will commence the 2d Tuesday in May and October, instead of the 4th, as formerly."

Mr. STRATTON is about to open a Training Stable on the Washington Course. HOPE BUTLER, his trainer, has displayed his talents by bringing into notice Sally Hope, Polly Hopkins, The Captain, Atalanta, &c. Mr. Stratton is en route from his residence in Virginia, with some promising colts—a half brother to Cumberland, by Gohanna, among other 3 year olds. Hope Butler can put a good one in perhaps as good a place as the redoubtable ARTHUR TAYLOR, the Turf Metternich.

We are authorized to state, that owing to the delays of the Press, the New American Stud Book will not appear so soon as has been expected. If owners would send us (post paid) the pedigrees of their horses, without further postponement, they would be in time for insertion. We are desired to invite attention to this request by those to whom a circular letter was addressed by the compiler.

Robin Brown.—More might have been said of this fleet steed than was published in your paper, Mr. Editor. At the close of a campaign, in which he was run under disadvantageous circumstances, he ran the speedy Eliza Drake, then the best two miler in the country, to her saddle girths, a 2d heat, in 3:47. Had he gone from the score both heats, the result might have been different. His sire, Mons. Tonson, was among the best racers we have ever had.—A horse that could beat Sally Walker and Ariel, in the style he did, winning six Jockey Club Purses, chiefly four miles, beating all competitors, and *many* good ones—in *one* campaign, of about as many weeks as the number of purses he won, could scarce be in any respect inferior to Sir Charles or Eclipse, John Bascombe or Fanny Wyatt.

Robin Brown's dam I saw win in fine style her only race—a great sweepstakes. Her own brother Tuckahoe, I have seen win too, when he was regarded as the best race-horse, at any distance, either in Virginia or Maryland. Descended from such ancestry, R B. could scarce help being a race horse. "Blood *will* tell." INDEX.

Priam, now daily expected at City Point, Va., and *Zinganee*, (perhaps the two best horses to be found in any one stable in the world,) will make the present season at the stables of ROBT. C. WILLIAMSON, Esq., four miles north of Richmond.

Mobile Trotting Club.—We have received the report of the first day's trotting, the entries for the second, and a list of its officers. Owing to the weather, the 2d and 3d days' trotting was postponed.

Will the Secretary of the Benton, Ala. Jockey Club oblige us with the report of the two first days' racing of the recent meeting, our special correspondent's letter having miscarried. We have a report of the three last days.

To the Editors of the Georgia Courier.

Be good enough to correct a mistake, or I may call it a wrong representation, unintentionally made by the Secretary of the Columbia Jockey Club, who promised me to correct it. *Kite* was stopped by his rider at the close of the third mile, under the belief that he had finished the heat, when he was ahead, and had the finest kind of a prospect for the heat and race, but he lost so much ground that he was run only to get in his distance, with the hope of the heat's being broken. But not so, as *Clodhopper* was too feeble to benefit by being 25 or 30 yards ahead of *Bay Maria* when entering the fourth mile, where Kite had placed him, by a challenge in the third mile. JAS. J. HARRISON.

Augusta, Jan. 16, 1837.

LATE FOREIGN NEWS.

By the arrival on Thursday night of the packet ship *England*, Capt. WAITE, we have received our regular files of Liverpool papers to the 4th Jan., when the packet sailed, and London to the 3d. We have room but for the following items this week, owing to the late hour when our parcels were received from the Custom House.

Charles Kemble took his farewell benefit on the 26th Dec. The theatre was crowded to suffocation, the receipts being about £1000. Next week we shall give his farewell address.

Nothing of particular interest has transpired in the sporting world since our last dates. *Jereed* is the 1st favorite for the Derby, Brother to Bay Middleton 2d. *Venison* is ahead of *Elis* for the Portland Handicap.

FORREST has been playing with immense success at Liverpool. HILL is at the Surrey, London; *Jim Crow* RICE at the Adelphi.

Another unsuccessful attempt has been made upon the life of Louis Phillippe.

The young duke of Roxburgh, the youngest duke and the richest young man in the kingdom, was married on the 29th December to the lovely Miss Dallbiac, daughter of a baronet. The duke is not yet of age, if we remember right.

Mr. Forrest was announced at Drury Lane in a new tragedy by Miss Mitford; to be brought out as soon as he should return from his provincial engagements.

A Signor Vavaldi, who has been amusing the audience at the Manchester theatre by shooting an apple from his son's head, or hand, with a rifle, missed the apple and struck the boy's hand on one of his nights of exhibition. The boy had the fortitude not to cry out, so that the audience knew nothing of the matter until he was taken away.

A baker in London gave a "Christmas treat"—that is, a bumper of gin and cake, on Christmas day, to every one purchasing at his shop; and in consequence sold 2040 loaves before 10 o'clock in the morning.

The great match at chess, which has been three years in progress between Paris and London, has terminated in favor of the French players, and the Englishmen have remitted the stakes.

We learn by the papers that the Duchess of St. Albans gave an evening Christmas party at Brighton on the 24th of Dec., at which "Mr. Yates and Mr. Rice (Jim Crow) performed their parts inimitably well, assisted by the Duke and the Hon. Major Keppell, as amateurs.

RUNNING A MUCK.—The *Breton* (of Nantes) contains a narrative of a most appalling and extraordinary scene, which occurred on the 6th instant, at the barracks in the town of Vannes, at present occupied by the 56th regiment of the Line. It appears that the sub-lieutenants of the regiment are in the habit of taking their meals together in a private room at the canteen. On the unfortunate occasion alluded to, all of them were seated at breakfast, when one of the party, M. Severac, who generally lived on bad terms with his brother officers, suddenly jumped from his place, seized his sabre, which lay in a corner of the room, and attacked his defenceless comrades with inconceivable fury, wounding three of them dangerously, three mortally, and several others more or less severely. The first three having with difficulty crawled from the apartment to require the assistance of the guard, the madman, driven to desperation by the sight of his remaining comrades weltering in their blood, drew a small pistol from his pocket, and placing the muzzle in his mouth, attempted to blow out his brains. The ball, however, passed through the lower jaw, and lodged in the roof of his mouth. So determined was the wretched man upon committing suicide, that finding the work of self-destruction unaccomplished by his first attempt, he seized a knife, and plunged it into his abdomen. The wound thus inflicted not having instanlty deprived him of life, he endeavored to throw himself on the point of his sword, which bent under the weight of his body. At this moment the adjutant of the regiment rushed into the apartment, accompanied by the guard, and the former having struck Severac with the flat of his sabre on the wrist, the assassin dropped his weapon and was immediately secured. He was then taken to the hospital with three of his victims. The officers wounded are eight in number, exclusive of the frantic perpetrator of the horrible acts which we have detailed. Five are expected to recover, though in all probability they will be maimed for the remainder of their lives. No hope of saving the rest is entertained. From the judicial investigations which have been commenced into this horrible event, it appears that Severac labored under the idea that he was a victim to injustice, and particularly from the major of the regiment, whom it seems he even intended to assassinate on the very day on which the horrible scene at the canteen took place. The unfortunate man was married about a year ago, and had one child, with whom his wife was to have joined him in a few days.

DOUBLE ENTENDRE.—A new married lady, who was very fond of her husband, notwithstanding his extreme ugliness of person, once said to a witty friend—"What do you think? my husband has gone and laid out fifty guineas for a large baboon on purpose to please me!"

"The dear little man!" cried the other. "Well, *it is just like him.*"

Boston Daily Herald.

BARING, BROTHERS, & CO.—Some idea of the immense business transacted by this firm may be estimated from the fact, that *in one day*, not long ago, they took from the London Post Office THIRTEEN HUNDRED LETTERS, requiring, of course, immediate answers. There are seven partners to the firm, and between thirty and fifty clerks. Ib.

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

BARNWELL, S. C.	Annual Jockey Club meeting, Wednesday, 15th Feb.
BELFIELD, Va.	Spring meeting, 2d Tuesday, 11th April.
BALTIMORE, Md.	Match, $6000 aside, *Decatur*, vs. *Carrou*, 2d day of Spring meeting, 1837.
CHARLESTON, S. C.	Jockey Club, Annual meeting, Washington Course, Monday, 20th Feb.
FRANKLIN, La.	Match, Four mile heats, $1,000 aside; *Star of the West* vs. *Mexican*, Attakapas Course, 1st day of Spring Meeting, 1837.
KENDALL Course,	Near Baltimore, Jockey Club Spring meeting, 2d Tuesday, 2d May.
LYNCHBURG, Va.	Jockey Club, Spring meeting, 3d Tuesday, 16th May.
MACON, Ga.	Central Course, Jockey Club, 2d Tuesday, 11th April.
NORFOLK, Va.	Norfolk and Portsmouth J. C. Spring meeting, 1st Tuesday, 6th June.
NEW YORK CITY.	Jockey Club, Union Course, 1st Spring meeting, 1st Tuesday in May.
NEW ORLEANS, La.	Jockey Club, Eclipse Course, 2d Tuesday, 14th March.
NATCHEZ, Miss.	Jockey Club meeting, Pharsalia Course, 1st Wednesday, 1st of March.
" "	Match, 4 m. h., $5000 aside; *John Minor*, vs. *Sally Hope* Feb. 1837.
" "	Match, $5000 a-side, h. ft., —— heats, *Antelope*, vs. *Jim Polk*, Feb. 1837.
" "	Match, $2000 a-side, h. ft., 2 m. h., *Cassandra*, vs. *Margery Greer*, Feb.
NASHVILLE, Tenn.	Match, — heats, $5,000 aside, produce of Bertrand and Eclipse, of Tenn., vs. produce of Leviathan and Marshal Ney, of Mississippi, Fall, 1838.
PHILADELPHIA, Pa.	Camden and Phila. Jockey Club Spring meeting, 4th Tuesday in May.
TRENTON, N. J.	First Spring meeting, Eagle Course, last Tuesday, 25th April.
TREE HILL, Va.	Match, 2 m. heats, $2000 a-side, h. ft. *Kitty Minge*, by Timoleon, vs. *Virginia Timberlake*, by Sir Charles, 1st day of Spring meeting, 1837.
WASHINGTON CITY.	National Jockey Club Spring meeting, 1st Tuesday in May.

☞ Under this head, Secretaries of Clubs and Clerks of Courses throughout the country may have the dates of their respective meetings inserted, free of expence, in the N. YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES. For a great number of RACING, TROTTING, PEDESTRIAN, AQUATIC SHOOTING, and other MATCHES and CHALLENGES, at home and abroad, see previous numbers.

STALLIONS FOR 1837.

BERNER'S COMUS, *Imported*, by Comus, out of Rotterdam, by Juniper, will stand in 1837, either at Boardmen's Mills, or at the Huntsville Race Track, at $80 and $100. [F4

CHATEAU MARGAUX, *Imported*, by Whalebone, out of Wasp, by Gohanna, will stand at the stable of Geo. Givhan, Haynesville, Lowndes Co., Ala., at $100, and $1 to the groom.

CETUS, *Imported*, by Whalebone, out of Lamia, will stand at "the Reeds," Caroline Co. Va, the stable of Robt. P. Corbin, at $75 and $125, and $1 to the groom. [J28

COLLINGWOOD, by Ratler, dam by Trafalgar, will stand at Batesville, Ark., at $25 and $40. [F4] C. F. M. NOLAND.

CONSOL, *Imported*, by Lottery, dam by Cerberus, will stand at Boardman's Mills, near Huntsville, Ala., at $60 cash, $70 at the end of the year, and $100 to insure. [F11

DRONE, by Mons. Tonson, out of Isabella, by Sir Archie, will stand at the stable of Hector Bell, near Winchester, Va., the stand of the late *Industry*. Particulars hereafter. [F11

GLENCOE, *Imported*, by Sultan, out of Trampoline, by Tramp, will stand at James Jackson's stable, near Florence, Ala., at $100, and $1 to the groom. [J. 21

HENRY, by Sir Archie, dam by Diomed, will stand at Maj. Jordan Winston's, Hanover Co., Va., nine miles from Richmond, on Mechanicsville Turnpike. [F11

LEVIATHAN, *Imported*, by Muley, dam by Windle, will stand at the stable of Col. George Elliott, near Gallatin, Sumner Co., Tenn., at $100, and $1 to the groom. [J 21

LAPDOG, *Imported*, by Whalebone, dam by Canopus, will stand at the stable of Colonel George Elliott, near Gallatin, Sumner Co., Tenn., at $50, and $1 to the groom. [J 21

MARGRAVE, *Imported*, (dark ch. foaled in 1829) by Muley, dam by Election, will stand at the stable of Thomas Alderson, Nashville, Tenn. Terms, 75 and $100. [J 21

ROWTON, *Imported*, by Oiseau, out of Katherina, by Woful, will stand at the stable of Col. Wade Hampton, at his Woodlands estate, near Columbia, S. C., at $75 and $120. [J 21

SHARK, by Am. Eclipse, out of Lady Lightfoot, by Sir Archie, will stand at the stable of John C. Goode, near Taylor's Ferry, Mecklenburg, Va., at $75. [J 21

TRUSTEE, *Imported*, by Catton, out of Emma, by Whisker, will stand at the stable of John R. Snediker, near the Union Race Course, L. I., at $60, and $1 to the groom. [J 21

TRANBY, *Imported*, by Blacklock, dam by Orville, will stand at the stable of P. E. Todhunter, near Lexington, Ky., at $100. First rate *blue grass* pasturage gratis. [J 28

VOLCANO, by Stockholder, dam Forest Maid, by Ratray, will stand at Sulphur Rock and Batesville, Ark., the next season, at $25 and $40. [F4] T. T. TUNSTALL.

☞ *Advertisements like the above will be inserted during the season for* $3.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

When the volume of the Spirit of the Times commenced, of which the present is the last number, we determined to admit into its columns no advertisements of "Quack" Medicines, "Galen's Head" Dispensaries, or of articles and things of such description. Of this we apprized our readers when we set out with the *new series*, and our determination is still the same with regard to our new volume, commencing next Saturday. In justice to ourselves we must here state, that the course we adopted affected our receipts very materially, while our subscribers had the benefit of several additional columns of reading matter. This and other considerations which we need not name, have compelled us to adopt after the present week a new scale of prices in this journal. The new arrangement will not affect those transient advertisements already in type, which will continue to be inserted as heretofore for the number of weeks respectively ordered. *Yearly City Advertisers*, however, all of whose contracts expire with the present number and volume, are respectfully informed that their advertisements can no longer be continued at the prices heretofore paid.

It may be proper further to remark, that up to the present time, notices of races to come, matches, challenges, sales of blood stock, pedigrees, etc., etc., for the information of *readers generally*, have been inserted *gratuitously* in this paper. The same course will continue to be adopted, and articles like those specified, will be given as heretofore, as items of sporting intelligence. But notices of Stallions, their terms and places of standing, calculated to serve the interests of their owners merely, will hereafter be charged as advertisements, as will also notices of hotels, exhibitions, and in fine, anything in the "questionable shape" of a puff, respecting persons, places, or things in which the public generally are not interested or benefited.

After the present week new advertisements will be inserted in the Spirit of the Times on the following terms, with no distinction or reduction whatever:—

For One Square (of twenty-two lines,) for the first insertion......... $5 00
For One Square (of twenty-two lines,) for each subsequent insertion. $1 00

NATIONAL JOCKEY CLUB RACES,

OVER the Washington Course, D. C., Spring meeting, 1837, will commence on the first Tuesday, 2d May, and continue four days.

First Day--First Race.—Post Stake, Three mile heats, $500 entrance, $200 forfeit, for 4 year olds, Spring, 1837; to close 10th April.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Col. Wm. R. Johnson
2. Col. James M. Selden
3. Capt. John Heth
4. James S. Garrison.

Second Race--A Sweepstakes, Mile heats, $200 entrance, $100 forfeit, for 3 year old colts and fillies, Spring, 1837; five subs. and closed.

Francis Thompson enters the get of Timoleon, out of Daisy Cropper.
T. R. S. Boyce enters b f by Imp. Apparition, dam by Tuckahoe.
Gibson Mallory enters James C. Corbin's Eclipse colt.
James S. Garrison enters ch c by Sir Charles, dam Eliza White, by Sir Archie.
Geo. L. Stockett enters gr c by Medley, dam by Richmond.

Second Day—First Race—A Sweepstake race, $500 entrance, $150 forfeit, Mile heats, with colts and fillies, 3 years old, Spring, 1837; six subs. and closed.

W. J. Stratton enters bl c by Mercury, dam by Florizel.
John E. Dorsey enters b f by Eclipse, dam by Sir Charles.
T. R. S. Boyce names ba c by Imp. Apparition, dam by Diomed.
John Heth names gr f Gift, by Grey Beard, dam by Sir Charles.
James S. Garrison enters bl c Scipio, by Zinganee, dam Corinna, by Sir Archie.
Mr. Booker enters b c by Zinganee.

Second Race—Washington Plate, value $500, Two mile heats, the winner to take the plate or money at his option; subscription depending on the number of subs.

Third Day—First Race.—Proprietor's Purse $500, Three mile heats, $20 ent.

Second Race.—A Sweepstakes, now open, for 3 year old colts and fillies, Spring, 1837, Mile heats, entrance $100, forfeit $50, confined to the District of Columbia and Maryland bred colts; to name and close 15th April; three or more to make a race.

Fourth Day—National Jockey Club Purse $1000, Four mile heats, $30 ent.

☞ Gentlemen wishing to subscribe to the Post Stake at Washington City and the Sweepstakes at Maryland and District of Columbia bred colts, will, in my absence, address Mr. John Forde, Jr., Norfolk, Va., with their entries. JAS. S. GARRISON, Proprietor.

THE NORFOLK AND PORTSMOUTH JOCKEY CLUB RACES, Spring, 1837, will commence on Tuesday, 6th June, and continue four days. Particulars given hereafter.

[F11-6t] JAS. S. GARRISON, Proprietor.

☞ The Editors of the Globe and National Intelligencer, Washington, are requested to give the above two weeks' insertion, from the 20th of Feb. and also from the 25th March until the day of the races, twice a-week, and charge it to account of J. S. G.

KENDALL COURSE, SPRING, 1837.

SWEEPSTAKES to be run over the Kendall Course, Spring, 1837.

1. A Sweepstakes for colts and fillies, then three years old; $300 entrance, $100 forfeit; 5 subscribers, to name and close 1st March next.

2. A Sweepstakes to be run Spring, 1837, Mile heats, $100 entrance, half forfeit, free only for nags bred or owned in Maryland, and as far South as the Rappahannock; to name and close 1st May next.

A Sweepstakes to be run Spring meeting, 1839, Mile heats, $1000 entrance, $250 forfeit; 17 subs. and closed 1st Jan. last.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. R. D. Shepherd enters Imp. b c by Priam, out of Moss Rose, by Tramp.
2. Col. Wm. L. White enters produce of Maid of Athens and Goliah.
3. James B. Kendall enters g f by Imp. Tranby, out of Mary Randolph.
4. George Symms enters produce of Jemima Wilkinson and Monsieur Tonson.
5. Col. John Heth enters produce of Arietta and Shark.
6. Col. Jas. M. Selden enters produce of Hotspur and Florida.
7. Thos. Pearsall enters produce of Gohanna and Gulnare.
8. Wm. Bosley enters b c by Ivanhoe, out of Kitty Fisher, by Remus.
9. Col. Wm. R. Johnson enters produce of Collier's dam and Eclipse.
10. Wm. Williamson & J. P. Corbin enter ————————.
11. Col. Wm. Wynn enters produce of Flirtilla and Chateau Margeaux.
12. Also produce of Isabella and Eclipse.
13. Col. Wm. R. Johnson enters ch f by Eclipse, out of Peggy Mader.
14. Governor Samuel Spriggs enters Maid of Northampton, by Autocrat, out of Mary Norwood, the dam of Atalanta.
15. Col. Wade Hampton enters br f by Argyle, out of Pocahontas.
16. Also b c by Camel, out of Imp. Emma, by Magistrate.
17. James S. Garrison enters ch f by Zinganee, out of Gabriella.

[F11] JAS. B. KENDALL, Proprietor.

MARGRAVE, WINNER OF THE DONCASTER ST. LEGER.

[*Written expressly for the N. Y. Spirit of the Times.*]

Margrave, a large chestnut horse, foaled in 1829, was got by Muley—his dam by Election—his grandam, Fair Helen, by Hamiltonian—Helen, by Delphini—Rosalind, by Phenomenon—Atalanta, by Matchem—Lass of the Mill, by Oroonoko—Traveller—Miss Makeless—Partner—Woodcock—Crofts' Bay Barb—Makeless—Brimmer—Dickey Pierson—Burton, barb mare.

Margrave is the best bred, and best son of Muley, who was the best bred son of Orville, the winner of the St. Leger and a most capital stallion, having covered at as high as £52. Orville is the sire of Emilius, now covering at 50 sovs., and grandsire of Priam, covering at 30 sovs., Plenipo covering at 25 sovs, (all three winners of the Derby), Sarpedon imported, Oxygen winner of the Oaks, Tranby imported, Merman imported, &c. Muley is also the sire of Vespa, winner of the Oaks, Muley Moloch, Leviathan imported, &c. Muley is out of Eleanor, the best mare of her day, having won both the Derby and the Oaks. Eleanor is the grandam of Luzborough imported. Election, the winner of the Derby, and a capital runner, *all distances,* was perhaps the best son of Gohanna, the best four mile horse of his day, and, as a stallion, equal to *any of any age.* Election was the sire of Gustavus, winner of the Derby, Rufus, &c. Hambletonian was the best horse of his day, having won all his races, except once, when he bolted, and was held in the highest estimation for his unflinching and invincible game, a property which he has imparted to his stock. This pedigree is not only fashionable and rich, but remarkable for the stoutness of its crosses, they being all of *the hard-bottomed four mile sort.* Margrave ran at 2 years old.

1831—Stockbridge, June 8.—Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. Three quarters of a mile. (7 subscribers.)

Margrave, 2 yrs. 119 lb	1
Eleanor, 2 yrs. 116 lb	2
Revealer, 2 yrs. 119 lb	3
Nannette, 2 yrs. 116 lb	4

2 to 1 on the field against Margrave.—A good race, and won by a length.—Sporting Magazine.

Winchester, Aug. 24—Sweepstakes of 50 sovs each. Two year old Course. (4 subscribers.)

Margrave walked over.

Newmarket Second Oct. Meeting.—The Clearwell Stakes of 30 sovs. each, for 2 yr. olds. Colts, 8 st. 5 lb., fillies 8 st. 3 lb. T. Y. C. (40 subscribers.)

Emiliana, by Emilius, 115 lb	1
Margrave, by Muley, 117 lb	2
Doncaster, by Muley, 117 lb	0
Spencer, by Sultan, 117 lb	0
Lucina, by Brutandorf, 115 lb	0
Langravine, 115 lb	0
Peter Pindar, 117 lb	0
Ebony, 115 lb	0
Fedora, 115 lb	0

and five others also started, but the judge placed two only.

The New Sporting Magazine says, "The struggle between the two was exceedingly interesting, and terminated in favor of the filly, by about half a length. Margrave had *a very bad start;* he is likely to improve as a three year old, and appears to us to be *better adapted* to a distance," And in another place it is said, "he lost more at starting than is usually made up in a two yr. old distance."

Newmarket Houghton Meeting, Oct. 31.—The Criterion Stakes of 30 sovs. each, 20 ft. For 2 yr. olds. From the turn of the land in. (36 subscribers.)

Margrave, 117 lb	1
Archibald, 117 lb	2

Landgravine, Kittums, Count Ivon, Scuffle, Kate, and two others started, but were not placed. "Betting two to one against Margrave, who won in beautiful style."

The New Sporting Magazine says, "If we look at the nature of Margrave's running, he is certainly a most promising nag for the Derby. He won the Criterion Stakes, (a very trying race for a two year old,) in a particularly neat manner and he *ought* to have won the Clearwell; but he had a *bad start;* notwithstanding which, he went by all the other horses in the race, except Emiliana, (whom he subsequently beat,) to whom he kept a close second; he is a powerful colt."

The Sporting Magazine says, "The two favorites then singled themselves out, and made a most beautiful struggle, whipping to within thirty yards of the end; when George Edward again took his horse Margrave by the head, and sent him in a decided winner, after a severe race." "He had too much stride for his competitors." In another place it is said, "That this horse ought never to have been beaten, we are all now well aware."

Margrave was now sold to Mr. Gully for 2600 guineas.

1832—Margrave and St. Giles were in the same stable, and Margrave in his trials proved a "clipper," much superior to St. Giles, the winner of the Derby, and would doubtless have won the great stakes *if he had not been compromised to the winner.*—See Nimrod in the Quarterly Review, and all the Sporting works. As it was run, St. Giles was 1st, Perion 2d, Trustee 3d, and Margrave 4th, (though not placed by the Judge,) beating Gratis, Damascus, Beiram, Emiliana, Kate, Minster, Non Compos, Lazarene, Cruper, Spencer, Bedouin, Revealer, Rouncival, Mixbury, Messenger, Haymaker, Wallace, and another.

The following quotations are from the best sporting works:—"The Derby was remarkable for the immense pace. Margrave *was not* made use of. And had all been running *to win,* Margrave would have been first, and Beiram second." "Margrave and Trustee were evidently sacrificed to St. Giles." "My own opinion on that day—and subsequent events have fully confirmed it,—was, *that Margrave was by far the best horse in the race,* and until Mr. Gully, after having had a taste of his friend Ridsdale's assortment, put his nag (Margrave) in abeyance, the Derby was anything but safe to the latter. It has been asserted the stable could have been first, second, and third. I do not think it; Margrave and St. Giles might have been placed; but Perion, although but moderate, would always beat Trustee." It is unnecessary to produce more evidence to prove that Margrave could have won the Derby *with ease.* He had a few days before beat St. Giles in a trial with ease, and on the day it was evident to the spectators that Margrave could hardly be restrained from going ahead and winning against the wishes of his rider.

Doncaster, September 18.—The St. Leger Stakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. For three year old colts, 8 st. 6 lb., and fillies, 8 st. 3 lb. St. Leger Course. (73 subscribers.)

Margrave, 118 lb	1
Birdcatcher, 118 lb	2

Physician, Richmond, Retainer, Julius, Daxon, David, Trustee, brother to Maria, Fang, Byzantium, Carleton, Nitocris, Roue, Ludlow, and another, started, but were not placed by the judge.

The New Sporting Magazine says, that Margrave was first, Birdcatcher 2d, the filly came in third, Physician fourth, Richmond fifth, Retainer sixth, Julius was close behind, and the favorites, Fang, brother to Maria, Nitocris, and Trustee *nowhere.*

The Sporting Magazine says, "It is but justice to say, that Margrave won *very easy.*" Again, "Margrave, who won the St. Leger, was within a week of the day of running actually uncertain whether he would be fit to start for it;" (he has been hurt on his leg,) "as it was, there can be no question that he was the best horse in the race, and will, when well, dispose of either of his competitors for the Leger. Mr. Gully was well aware that he had got a nag, quite good enough to have won the Derby."

Sept. 20.—The Gascoigne Stakes of 100 sovs. each, &c., for three year olds. St. Leger Course. (11 subscribers.)

Margrave, 112 lb., (4 lb. extra)	1
Julius, 118 lb	2

5 to 1 on Margrave, who "won cleverly, without trouble." "Only Julius could be found to face the invincible."

Newmarket First Oct. Meeting, Oct. 1.—The Grand Duke Michael Stakes, of 50 sovs. each. For colts, 8 st. 7 lb., and fillies, 8 st. 3 lb. Across the Flat. (15 subscribers.)

Margrave, 119 lb	1
Salute, 115 lb	2
Galata, (winner of the Oaks,) 115 lb	3

2 others started, but were not placed. 11 to 8 on Margrave.

Two days after he was beat by Archibald, for the St. Leger Stakes, beating Beiram and Non Compos. 6 to 5 on Margrave, who "beat by a head."

"Another specimen of the hammering system was exhibited in the case of Margrave; and the result was exactly what might have been expected. Here was a horse, at Doncaster, on the 20th September, (who in the previous week had been thought even unfit to run,) had won two races, and was started to travel some *six days' journey* on the road; and on the 1st Oct., within ten days only of his having run at Doncaster, actually wins the Duke Michael, beating the winner of the Oaks! On the day following but one, Margrave is dragged out to meet *fresh* horses, and not only fresh, but the *best at Newmarket,* and is there beaten only by a head. After all, my opinion is, that the horse would have won cleverly had Robinson been allowed to make steady running *all through,* with his horse, *considering the stoutness of Margrave.*" Another sporting work says "It is clear *it was freshness alone* that enabled Archibald to win."

He paid forfeit in a match for 300 gs., A. T. to Camarine, 4 years old, receiving 19 lbs.

At the Newmarket Craven, meeting 1833, Margrave, though *dead amiss,* was started for the Claret Stakes. He started only *pro forma,* as there had been betting on him, and Mr. Gully was too much of a gentleman to refuse his starting, though he was not fit to run. "From want of health or condition, or both, poor Margrave fell into the rear, quite powerless. Chifney, on Trustee, won by a head in the last three strides, (beating Minster, &c.); if he had gone a yard sooner he could not have lasted; if he had waited a thought longer he would have been too late."—See the Sport. Mag.

Newmarket First Spring Meeting.—Margrave received forfeit from Bapetlaw (dead,) A. B. M., 200, h. ft.

"The Muleys are coming out in great force, and bid fair to become formidable rivals to the forty and fifty guinea stallions, Emilius and Sultan. Margrave having won *three great events,* and travelled 130 miles in a fortnight," &c.—"He is the largest horse of the year."—"But of this I am satisfied, that *whatever Flying Childers did bona fide do, could be done by our Sultans, Priams, or Margraves,* provided they were not trained until they were five or six years old."—Sport. Mag.

Here Margrave's racing career ended. Margrave could unquestionably have won both the Derby and St. Leger, a feat never done but once He won the St. Leger with great ease, and could have won with equal ease the Derby, as is now *known,* not only by private running, but private trials. His performances prove him to be the best colt of his year, having beaten easily all the best colts both in the North and South of England, and this ascendancy he maintained for two years, until he retired from the turf. A horse able to do these things must have possessed *extraordinary* powers as a racer.

Margrave, like his sire Muley, who was said to be the largest boned thoroughbred in the kingdom, and to be equal to 20 st., (280 lb.,) is a horse of the largest size, 16 hands high, of immense power, large bone, great substance, good action, sound constitution, and excellent temper. His color is a very dark chesnut, without white. He promises to be one of our most valuable importations.

Margrave, when taken from the turf, was selected by Mr. Watt, the breeder of Lottery, Memnon, &c., to serve his stud, where he covered in 1834—1835 at 11 gs., groom's fee included. Margrave proved a very sure and very fine foal-getter. In the Fall of 1835, he was purchased and imported by Dr. Merritt. In 1836 he covered at $60 at Pittsylvania Court House, Virginia. He makes his next season, 1837, at the stable of Mr. Thos. Alderson, at Nashville, Tenn.

M.

MATTERS AND THINGS AT WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 28, 1837.

FRIEND PORTER,—From this magnificent Metropolis—so "magnificent in distances," as has been ironically observed—a source of incessant drafts upon our pockets and shoe leather—this busy and gay emporium of politics and fashion in which speechifying, feasting, amusements, and display occupy no small portion of general attention, you may expect a word or so from me, "a looker on in Venice." The city—if to rival Gotham, or that East or West of Temple Bar, is yet to be built; but there are some splendid public buildings. We have nothing like them in this country. The President's mansion is in better taste than either of the King's palaces in England. Congress Hall is a more magnificent and splendid structure, as it ought to be, than any Parliament house in the world. It besides, has a fine, commanding site, something like the Superga, near Turin, but nearer to the city. Two other magnificent structures, to be embellished with colonnades, perhaps resembling those of which Athens was once so proud, are now in progress. I refer to the Treasury and Patent Office Departments, rising, like the Phœnix, more splendid from their ashes. But, while the structures here are so magnificent and costly, it is a source to me of unceasing regret to see the public reservations, even around most of them, mere barren wastes, instead of highly improved grounds, like the parks in London, and some few squares in your city. A towering monument to Washington, in the space between the Capitol and the Potomac, in full view, too, of the President's mansion, I learn is in contemplation, to be raised by a Nation's gratitude. This, if it be not done earlier, should lead to the enclosure with a handsome iron railing, of the spaces around it, and embellished with walks and trees. The Botanic Garden, once under the fostering care of the Government and Columbian Institute, has relapsed into a state worse than that of nature. The theatre is got up in good taste, and is admirably sustained by an excellent stock company. Celeste has had her share of public favor, which the inimitable Power is about to receive. Stars of *his* magnitude will be doubtless encouraged. Private parties are nearly the same everywhere in our leading cities. I shall only remark, the people here are very kind to strangers, who have a ready access to society, and frequently abuse the hospitality they receive.

You need not expect *me* to describe Jackson or Santa Anna, two very courteous gentlemen;—Clay, or Webster, or Calhoun, or Preston, very eloquent orators; Adams, or Van Buren, or Forsyth, very diplomatic and honorable gentlemen, no doubt; but this I will remark, I do not find all the great men to be as great as they are "cracked up." In the House of Representatives the other day, it seemed to me our Honorable Legislators were engaged in some children's play, first at cross questions, and then marching and counter-marching, like militia men, at least at their drill. One old gentleman was the pity of his friends, in being made the tool of some miserable fanatics, poor old widows, or wives, whose homes could not be very comfortable, or sour old maids—be they what they may, women who were venting their malice and vinegar in the unfeminine task of memorializing Congress. Do, Mr. Editor, tell them they had better darn their husbands, or brothers, or children's stockings; or, if they have no such dear relations, they had best work for their poor *at home,* if they have no business of their own. Their old beau not a little bothered the Speaker, who was not disposed to give to their petition, poor old women, much respect. He found it impossible to "memorize" all the applications made in their behalf. Another member thought the fire had best be "outed."

On Colonel Benton's appropriately presenting to General Jackson the steel pen that expunged the record, it was wittily remarked by a leading statesman, "it ought hereafter to be employed as a lightening rod." You may see the point.

In speaking of the splendor of this gay capital, I should not omit the attractions of Pennsylvania Avenue, a drive that eclipses our almost unrivalled Broadway. In proportion to the number of vehicles, there are more fine carriages and horses, and gallant, graceful, well-mounted equestrians, with but an occasional omnibus, that is *here* a convenience, to annoy one. The street is too wide, and not so crowded as to endanger the wayfarer. It is macadamized the entire distance from the Capitol to the Executive mansion and offices, about a mile and a half, lined with respectable looking dwellings. At this season there is no dust, which, I believe, is no small annoyance in the summer. Some of the equipages here are splendid; the President's coach, black and gilt, with crimson lining and hammock cloth, and his four fine greys, is worthy of the Hero of Orleans. It was constructed, I learn, out of the timbers of the Constitution. The Vice President's vaunted English coach, I opine, was built in New York or New Haven, and his English outriders, too, may prove Yankees in disguise. It is a handsome and appropriate equipage, as well as his neat open carriage. The Patroon of Washington sports his coach and four greys—his livery blue, turned up with buff—emblematical of his wealth. Various members of the Cabinet, members of Congress, and others, display, too, such equipages as would create a sensation in Broadway.

But to have a good description of everything to be seen and enjoyed, you must come on yourself.

During the deep snow, the Railroad cars were on the route from 9 P. M. to 3 A. M. next day.

A LOOKER ON IN VENICE.

THE AMERICAN HOTEL, BROADWAY,

HAVING recently undergone extensive repairs and alterations, continues open for the reception of families and visitors. Every attention will be paid to the comfort and accommodation of those who may favor the establishment with their patronage.

☞ The publishers out of New York, who send their papers to the American Hotel, are requested to give the above a week's insertion, and forward their bills to the office of the Hotel. [F4

AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE, February, 1837.

CONTENTS.—*Original Papers*—Vanderlyn, a Novel; "Too Late;" Leaves from a Lady's Journal, No. 2; Lines; "Come to me, Sister;" To ——; Alhamar; The Lover to the star Lyra; Married by Mistake; The Blues; Extracts from an unpublished Poem; Copy-right, No. 1; Llewellyn's Dog; A Peep into Connecticut; Song; Aaron Burr; Love Unchangeable.

Critical Notices.—History of Worcester, Mass.; The Ladies' Wreath; A Pebble against the Tide; Dearborn's Byron, Vol. 5; Espriella's Letters; The Literary Remains of the late William Hazlitt; Inklings of Adventure; The Magnolia, for 1837; Address before the Alumni of the Nashville University; Mrs. Sigourney's Letters to Young Ladies; History of China and its inhabitants.

Monthly Commentary.—The "Plaindealer" upon Copy-right; Theatrical.

This day published by Geo. Dearborn, 38 Gold-street. [F4

CHATEAU MARGAUX.

THE RENOWNED ENGLISH RACE HORSE AND STALLION, CHATEAU MARGAUX, will be located at my residence near Hayneville, Lowndes County, Alabama, and will serve mares at one hundred dollars the season, payable the first of July, and one dollar to the Groom.

Mares from a distance will be bountifully fed with grain at $8 per month, good and extensive pasturage gratis. Ample accommodations and separate lots are prepared for mares with colts, and every care will be taken to prevent accidents and escapes, but no liability should they occur.

The season will commence on the first day of February, 1837, and expire on the first day of July.

Hayneville, Dec. 14, 1836. GEORGE GIVHAN [J7]

SETTER DOG WANTED.

THE highest price will be paid for a beautiful and well broke Setter Dog, on immediate application to the Editor of the Spirit of the Times, 157 Broadway. [J28

SWEEPSTAKES FREE FOR THE WORLD.

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstakes, Two mile heats, with colts and fillies, then three years old, past, agreeable to the Rules of the Natchez Jockey Club, over the Pharsalia Course, near Natchez, Miss., on the Tuesday of the week previous to the Jockey Club races, in the Spring of 1838. One Thousand Dollars Subscription, Two Hundred and Fifty Dollars forfeit. Three or more to make a race. To close on the 15th of Feb next. Any nomination may be altered before that time, but no subscription can be withdrawn. Gentlemen wishing to subscribe will direct their nominations (post paid) to

W. J. MINOR, Natchez.

P.S. There are already five subscribers.

Natchez, Miss., Dec. 19th, 1836. [J14

PRODUCE STAKES FOR 1839.

WE, the undersigned, do hereby agree to run a Sweepstakes race, Mile heats, over the Pharsalia Course, on the Monday preceding the races of the Natchez (Miss.) Jockey Club, in the Spring of 1839, between the following *Bertrand Colts,* foaled last Spring; subscription $1000, forfeit $250; to be run agreeably to the Rules of the Natchez Jockey Club.

SUBSCRIBERS.

A. L. Bingaman names produce of Bertrand and Madge Wildfire.
O. Claiborne names produce of Bertrand and Lisbon Maid.
L. Coen names produce of Bertrand and Sally Nailor.

Natchez, Miss. Dec. 10, 1836. [J21-tf

BLOOD STOCK FOR SALE.

THE following stock of Blood Horses are offered for sale in consequence of the death of the late owner:

1. The iron gray horse *Alexander,* 6 years old, by Imp. Barefoot, dam Farmer's Damsel, by Eclipse, grandam Lady Hamlet, by Hamlet, g grandam by old Imp. Messenger, g g grandam an imported mare.
2. The iron gray mare *Maria Lovell,* by Sir Lovell, 4 years old, out of the dam of No. 1.
3. The sorrel filly *Betsey Andrew,* 2 years old, by Andrew, out of the dam of No. 1.
4. The bay horse, *Chief Consul,* 4 years old, by Sir Lovell, out of the grandam of No. 1.

For further particulars, terms, &c., apply to, or address,

[J28-3m] JESSE W SEAMAN, corner of Beekman and South-st., N. Y.

TROTTING SWEEPSTAKES.

THE following sweepstakes are open to come off over the *Hunting Park Trotting Course,* Philadelphia, Spring meeting, 1837, viz.:—

1. Sweepstake, Three mile heats under the saddle, sub. $1000, h. ft., with $500 added by the Proprietor, three or more to make a race. To close by the first of March, 1837.
2. Sweepstake to come off the subsequent day to the race named above, sub. $500, h. ft., with $200 added by the Proprietor. Two mile heats, under the saddle, 3 or more to make a race. To close by the 1st of March, 1837.

Philadelphia, Nov. 28, 1836. [d3] JAMES BROWN, Proprietor.

ROWTON.

THIS beautiful Stallion and celebrated Racer will make his second season in America, under the direction of Mr. F. H. Gerow, at W. Hampton's Woodlands Estate, five miles below Columbia, and be let to mares at $75 the season, $120 to insure, and one dollar to the groom; the money to be paid in advance, or before the mares are taken away.

The season will commence on the first of February, and end the first of July. Extensive rye and grass pastures provided for mares, and separate lots for such as may have young foals, and mares well fed at 50 cents per day. Every care will be taken to guard against accidents, but no responsibility should they occur.

Rowton is a good chesnut without white, fifteen and a half hands high, of great bone and muscle. He is a horse of the finest limbs, and most exact proportions, and after the exportation of Amphion, was considered the most beautiful stallion in England. His stock are thought very promising, and are selling as high as the get of any stallion in the kingdom. By a reference to the sporting periodicals of the day, Rowton's pedigree and performances may be seen, as also the very high estimation in which he is held both in England and America.

Columbia, S. C., Jan. 2, 1837. [J28-9t]

SHARK.

THE celebrated race horse *Shark,* by American Eclipse, out of Lady Lightfoot, by Sir Archy—Old Black Maria, by Imp. Shark, etc. etc., will stand again at my stable, near Taylor's Ferry, on the Roanoke, Mecklenburg, Va., at $75 the season A class of five mares at $60 each. It is unnecessary to say more, as *Shark* is so well known to the breeders of the race horse.

Boydton, Va., Jan. 7, 1837. [J21-t1m] JOHN C. GOODE.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

WADE'S CONDITION POWDERS FOR HORSES, have been extolled upwards of 37 years in England and France, as the best and only preparation to promote the condition of horses. They destroy the worms, and botts, loosens the hide, fines the coat, purifies the blood, so as to do away the necessity of bleeding, renders the food more nutritive, prevents the animal taking cold after exposure to heat, and are at all times a great restorative after a hard day's work. They have been tested by the first Veterinary Surgeons, and certificates granted as to their efficacy in the above named cases. Sold at 37 1-2 cents, or $4,50 a dozen packages, accompanied with full directions and recommendations round each packet. Sold by J. H. Hart, corner of Broadway and Chambers-street, sole importing agent, where they may be obtained wholesale or retail. [J28-tf]

NATCHEZ (Miss.) JOCKEY CLUB RACES, 1837,

WILL commence on the first day of March next, over the Pharsalia Course, and continue four days.

FIRST DAY, Wednesday, March 1--Two mile heats, purse $400.
SECOND DAY, Thursday, March 2--Three mile heats, purse $700.
THIRD DAY, Friday, March 3--Four mile heats, purse $1200.
FOURTH DAY, Saturday, March 4--Mile heats, best 3 in 5, $500.

Free for all horses, agreeable to rule.

Natchez, 28th Dec., 1837. [J28-5t] W. J. MINOR, Sec'y N. J. C.

EAGLE COURSE, TRENTON, N. J.

THE First Spring meeting will take place on Tuesday, 25th of April. The following Sweepstakes are now open:

1st. Sweepstakes for 3 year old colts and fillies, subscription $300 each, forfeit $100, Mile heats; four or more to make a race. To name and close 1st March.

SUBSCRIBERS.

J. B. Kendall, W. McCoun, Samuel Laird.

2d. Post Stake for 4 year old colts and fillies; subscription $100 each, p.p. Two mile heats, $200 added by Proprietor; to close on the 1st April; four or more to make a race.

[J28] O. BAILEY, Secretary.

NEW ORLEANS JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

OVER THE ECLIPSE COURSE.—The First Spring meeting will commence on 2d Tuesday, 14th March, 1837.

FIRST DAY—A Purse of $500, Mile heats, entrance $50.
SECOND DAY—A Purse of $700, Two mile heats, entrance $70.
THIRD DAY—A Purse of $1000, Three mile heats, entrance $100.
FOURTH DAY—The Louisiana Jockey Club Purse, $2000, Four mile heats, entrnace $150.
FIFTH DAY—Mile heats, best three in five, for the entrance money of the preceding days, making, in all probability, a purse of $1200. Entrance, 10 per cent on the amount; free for any horse.
SIXTH DAY—The New Orleans Plate, consisting of a splendid Tea Service of Silver, valued at $1000. In this race 4 year colts and under will carry their appropriate weights, 5 yrs old and over will carry 100 lbs. Entrance $100, four or more to make a race. The winner to take the plate or money at his option. Two mile heats.

The above purses are free for any horse, mare, or gelding in the Union, confoming to the rules of the Club. The purse of each day will be paid to the winner in cash, without discount.

The proprietor has fitted up this Course at a heavy expense, with the intention of establishing a permanent and respectable Race Meeting, under the patronage of a Jockey Club, that will at once give confidence to all, and ensure us to have this amusement in its purity.

This new, and most extensive establishment of the sort in America, is situated immediately on the Rail Road from New Orleans to Carrollton, 4 miles from the former, and in the limits of the latter City. By this road, on racing days, 1000 persons can be conveyed every half hour, immediately to the course, for the small sum of 25 cents; the river road passes immediately by the track, and steamboats can land passengers within a few steps of the course. The track is exactly a mile, enclosed with a close plank fence, 10 feet high, railed on the inside. There is now in rapid completion a Stand, a large portion of which is fitted up for members of the Club and Ladies, capable of affording the most entire view of every part of the race to 6000 persons. The track will be one of the safest and quickest in the Union. The objections to racing heretofore in this vicinity will now be entirely remedied, as the track will be covered with sand and saw dust, rendering it good in any weather, and at all times free from mud or water. The accommodations for race horses are large, and inferior to none; the stables will be supplied with cistern water, in the mean time, convenient to the river there is now erecting a floating wharf that will render it entirely safe to land horses at all times.

The great facility of bringing race horses here, and the inducement of larger purses than are given by any two race courses in the Union, will assure the attendance of the best horses from all the surrounding States.

The Proprietor has received a letter from Mr. Garrison, of Norfolk, Virginia, stating that he is on his way here with a full stable. Amongst them are the celebrated Cippus, Miss Maynard, Virginia Graves, and others. Col. Bingaman, will be here, with the celebrated Angora, John Minor, Fanny Wright, &c. Mr. Minor, from Natchez, with Cathleen, and others. Messrs. Routh and Barrow with Alice Riggs, Prince Talleyrand, and Fanny Bell. Messrs Wells' with the renowned Linnett, Extio, Dick Chin, Wings, Longitude and Jane Elliott. Mr. Duplantier with John Beasley, Lauderdale and others. Col. Claiborne with the famed Susan Yandell, Antelope, Cassandra, &c. Col. Johnson, of Alabama, with Red Maria, Splendid, Forsaken Filly, and Betsey Rochleau. Mr. Hardin's stable will, in all probability, be here, as well as Mr. Stark's, and Mr. Jackson's Stables, from Alabama, Mr. Hurts, from Virginia, with several others from Tennessee, Kentucky, and Georgia. These, with the Proprietor's own stable, Monmouth, Richard of York, Morris, &c., will ensure the greatest number of race horses and of greater celebrity than has ever been seen on any race course in the South.

The subscriber has for several years been the owner and proprietor of the race course at the City of Washington, District of Columbia, and feels confident that his knowledge of these matters will enable him to give satisfaction. He has received the assurance of almost all the owners of the above celebrated horses, that nothing shall prevent their being here. The public may probably never have it in their power again to witness such sport.

Y. N. OLIVER, Proprietor.

N.B. The celebrated Carrollton Hotel is situated within 100 yards of the course, where gentlemen disposed to remain on the ground with their horses, can find accommodations in a style that must please the most fastidious. This establishment has recently gone under the superintendence of Mr. F. Bernard, formerly of Washington City, D. C., and will be conducted particularly in reference to the comfort of the Club and Racers during the week.

New Orleans, Jan. 10, 1837. [J28-7t]

NEW-YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES;

A METROPOLITAN GAZETTE OF THE

SPORTING, LITERARY AND FASHIONABLE WORLD.

WILLIAM T. PORTER, EDITOR.

The NEW SERIES OF THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES, for Town and Country, commenced its publication on the 20th February, 1836, (the Old Series comprised five volumes and a supplement of four numbers), and will be published every Saturday morning, on fine imperial paper, and with beautiful type. Great care is taken to forward it, strongly enveloped and legibly directed, by the earliest mails, to its different subscribers throughout the Union, and particular attention is paid to its punctual and safe transmission, by ship, to foreign ports.

Terms of Subscription and Advertising

For One Year's Subscription, in advance	$5 00
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For one Square, (twenty-two lines), first insertion *in the paper*	$3 00
For Ditto (Ditto), each subsequent insertion, *ditto*	50

Yearly advertisers upon the cover are only charged $15 per annum for one square, (24 lines) and at that rate; transient advertisers are expected to pay in advance, or give a city reference.

Publication office, 157 Broadway, where all communications, post-paid, may be addressed.

EDWIN L. GARVIN,
PRINTER.

UNION COURSE, LONG ISLAND.

THE FOLLOWING STAKES AND MATCHES to be run over the *Union Course* are *CLOSED.* January, 1837.

SPRING, 1837—Match, mile heats, one fortnight before the 1st Spring meeting, 1837, between Mr. John C. Stevens' colt, by Henry, out of Janette, and Capt. Stockton's colt, by Sir Charles, out of Powancey.

First Meeting, Spring, 1837, for 3 year olds, mile heats. Entrance $300, forfeit $100.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Robert Tillotson names ch c, by Henry, out of the dam of Medoc.
2. R. L. Stevens names produce of Betsy Ransom, by Henry.
3. Do. names produce of Polly Hopkins, by Nullifier.
4. A. P. Hamlin names produce of Empress, by Eclipse.
5. Do. names produce of Ostrich, by Andrew.
6. John C. Stevens names produce of Janette, by Henry.
7. Do. names produce of Romp, by Henry.
8. R. F. Stockton names produce of Powancey, by Sir Charles.
9. Do. names produce of Monmouth's dam, by Dashall.
10. Wm. Gibbons names Shadow, by Eclipse Lightfoot, dam Sally Slouch.
11. I. S. Snedecor names c. by Andrew, dam Vandeveer's Pacolet mare.
12. Wm. Jones names a Lovell colt out of Eleanor.
13. T. Pearsall names a colt by Flying Childers, dam Gulnare.
14. A. L. Botts names f. by Eclipse, dam Phillis, full sister to Gohanna.
15. John C. Craig names produce of Betsey Archer, by Sir Charles.
16. John Drew names Cornelia, by Andrew, dam Filho mare.
17. Samuel Laird names s. f. Betsey Andrew, by Andrew, dam Farmer's Damsel.
18. Robt. L. Stevens names produce of Lalla Rookh, by Henry.

Second Meeting, Spring, 1837.—Mile heats, for 3 year olds. Entrance $1000, forfeit $250.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Wade Hampton names Imp. b f Emily, by Emilius, out of Elizabeth, by Rainbow.
2. J. C. Stevens name produce of Charlotte Temple, by Lance.
3. Robert Tillotson names ch c by Henry, out of the dam of Medoc.
4. Robt. L. Stevens names produce of Polly Hopkins, by Nullifier.
5. R. F. Stockton names b f by Dashall, out of Monmouth's dam.
6. Wm. Gibbons names Shadow, by Eclipse Lightfoot, out of Sally Slouch.
7. Samuel Neill names c by Henry, out of Garland (brother to Post Boy).

Second Meeting, Spring, 1837.—Two mile heats, for 4 year olds. Entrance $1000, ft. $250.

1. Wade Hampton names ch f Charlotte Russe, full sister to Trifle
2. John C. Stevens names Dosoris, by Henry, out of Goliah's dam.
3. Also Fanny Wyatt, by Sir Charles, dam by Sir Hal.
4. R. F. Stockton names c Bergen, by Medley, out of Charlotte Pace.
5. Also Imp. c Langford, by Starch, out of Peri.
6. R. L. Stevens names Mortimer, by Monmouth Eclipse, dam by Oscar.

FALL, 1837,—First Meeting. Two mile heats, for 3 year olds. Entrance $300, forfeit $100.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. A. P. Hamlin names produce of Ostrich and Andrew.
2. Robt. L. Stevens names produce of Lalla Rookh and Henry.
3. J. Bathgate name produce of a Henry mare and Autocrat.
4. John C. Stevens names produce of Janette and Henry.
5. Also " " of Romp and Henry.
6. Robt Tillotson names produce of Medoc's dam and Henry.
7. R. F. Stockton names produce of Powancey and Sir Charles.
8. G. T. Wilson names produce of Miss Fisher and Andrew.
9. A. L. Botts names produce of Phillis and Eclipse.
10. T. Pearsall names produce of Gulnare and Childers.
11. Robt. L. Stevens names produce of Polly Hopkins and Nullifier.

SPRING, 1838—First Meeting 3 year olds, Mile heats. Entrance $1000, forfeit $250.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. W. Livingston names produce of Medora, by Eclipse.
2. Also produce of Jemima by Eclipse.
3. R. Tillotson names produce of Medoc's dam, by Eclipse.
4. John C. Stevens names produce of Janette, by Eclipse.
5. J. H. Wilkes names produce of Betsey Richards, by Eclipse.
6. R. L. Stevens names produce of Celeste, by Eclipse.
7. S. Gouverneur names produce of Polly Jones, by Eclipse.
8. R. F. Stockton names produce of Miss Mattie, by Eclipse.
9. Also produce of Charlotte Pace, by Eclipse.
10. Wm. R. Johnson names produce of Reality, by Eclipse.
11. John C. Craig names produce of Bonnets of Blue, by Eclipse.
12. Also produce of Kate Kearney, by Eclipse.
13. S. Ringgold names produce of Arietta, by Eclipse or Medley.
14. John Heth names produce of Screamer, by Luzborough.
15. Also produce of Annette, by Goliah.
16. W. Wynn names produce Flirtilla, by Luzborough.
17. Also produce of Isabella, by Luzborough.
18. A. L. Botts names produce Phillis, full sister to Gohanna, by Goliah.
19. Wm. H. Minge names produce of dam of Mazeppa, by May Day
20. Robt. Randolph names produce of Minge's Bluster mare, by Forty Four.
21. W. R. Johnson names produce of dam of Charles Kemble, by Andrew.
22. Wm. Coleman names produce of dam of Trifle, by Andrew.
23. J. M. Botts names produce of dam of Rosalie Somers, by Gohanna.
24. Also produce of dam of Rol. by Gohanna.
25. Robt. Tillotson names produce of Bedford mare, by Eclipse.
26. I. S. Snedecor names produce of Blank, by Eclipse.
27. John C. Stevens names produce of Romp, by Henry.
28. James S. Garrison names produce of Lady La Grange, by Luzborough.
29. Also produce of Sally Hope, by Sarpedon.
30. Also produce of dam of Zinganee, by Ivanhoe.
31. Wm. Jones names produce of Dove, by (imported) Roman.
32. Jas. M. Selden names produce of dam of Bachelor, by Sussex.
33. A. B. Meade names produce of Green's Filho mare, by Eclipse.
34. Samuel Laird names produce of Farmer's Damsel, by Henry.
35. Also produce of Lady Hamlet, by Eclipse.
36. John C. Stevens names produce of Goliah's dam, by Eclipse.
37. Also produce of Lady Jackson, by Henry.
38. John C. Craig names produce of Betsey Archer, by Medley.
39. J. H. Oliver names produce of Patsey Calbert, by Tonson.
40. J. H. Wilkes names produce of Saluda, by Eclipse.
41. Robt. L. Stevens names produce of Lalla Rookh, by Henry.
42. J. R. Snedecor names produce of Grasshopper, by Eclipse.
43. John C. Stevens names produce of English mare Isabel, by Eclipse.
44. D. W. Jones names produce of Princess, by Eclipse.

First Meeting, Spring, 1838—3 year olds, mile heats. Entrance, $300, forfeit $100.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. J. H. Vanmater names produce of Helen Mar and Eclipse.
2. Also produce of Oscar mare and Monmouth Eclipse.
3. John C. Stevens names produce of Goliah's dam and Eclipse.
4. Also produce of Janette and Eclipse.
5. James Cooke names s. Crickett, by Henry, dam by Eclipse.
6. W. Livingston names produce of Jemima and Eclipse.
7. Also produce of Medora and Eclipse.
8. J. Vansicler names produce of Lady Richmond and Eclipse.
9. R. F. Stockton names c by Monmouth Eclipse, out of Powancey,
10. Also c by Powhattan, out of Blanche.
11. Robt. L. Stevens names produce of Celeste, by Eclipse.
12. Also produce of Polly Hopkins, by Eclipse.
13. Wm. Gibbons names Saren, by Eclipse, out of Sally Slouch.

First Meeting, Spring, 1838—3 yrs old Mile heats. Entrance $200, forfeit $50.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. J. Vansicler names produce of Rotten Apples, by Simon
2. J. C. Stevens names produce of Janette, by Eclipse.
3. Robt. L. Stevens names produce of Betsey Ransom, by Eclipse.
4. Also produce of Meg Dodds, by Eclipse.

FALL, 1838—First Meeting—Three years old, Two mile heats; entrance $300, forfeit $100.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. H. Wilkes names produce of Saluda by Eclipse.
2. Robt. L. Stevens names produce of Polly Hopkins, by Eclipse.
3. Also produce of Celeste, by Eclipse.
4. John C. Stevens names produce of Goliah's dam, by Eclipse.

First Meeting, Fall, 1838—Three years old, Two mile heats; entrance $200, forfeit $50.

1. Robt. L. Stevens names produce of Betsey Ransom, by Eclipse.
2. Also produce of Meg Dodds, by Eclipse.
3. John C. Stevens names produce of Janette, by Eclipse.
4. A. L. Botts names produce of Lady Jackson, by Henry.

SPRING, 1839—First meeting, Match mile heats, between Mr. Tillotson's filly by Barefoot, out of Polly Jones, and Mr. J. C. Stevens' colt by Henry, out of Romp.

First meeting, Spring, 1839—Match, mile heats, between Mr. Robt. L. Stevens' colt, by Emilius, out of Polly Hopkins, and Mr. Tillotson's colt, by Gohanna, out of the dam of Medoc.

First Meeting, Spring, 1839—A match mile heats, between the produce of Garland, by Barefoot, and the produce of Empress, by Gohanna, (Mr. Neill and Mr. Hamlin).

First Meeting, Spring, 1839—Three years old, mile heats; entrance $1000, forfeit $250.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Robt. Tillotson names produce of Polly Jones and Barefoot.
2. A. P. Hamlin names produce of Empress and Gohanna.
3. J. C. Craig names produce of Reality and Shark.
4. A. L. Botts names produce of Ostrich and Gohanna.
5. John Heth names produce of Arietta and Shark.
6. J. C. Stevens names produce of Romp and Henry.
7. Robt. Tillotson names produce of Medoc's dam and Gohanna.
8. R. F. Stockton names produce of Miss Mattie and Shark.
9. Also produce of Powancey and Shark.
10. J. Bathgate names produce of Highland Mary and Barefoot.
11. S. L. Gouverneur names produce of Garland and Barefoot.
12. Robt. L. Stevens names produce of Polly Hopkins and Emilius
13. Also produce of Lalla Rookh and Henry.

First meeting, Spring, 1839—Three years old; the second in the race to receive back stakes: Mile heats, entrance $1000, forfeit $250.

1. S. L. Gouverneur name produce of Geranium and Barefoot.
2. J. C. Stevens names produce of Black Maria and Gohanna.
3. Robt. L. Stevens names produce of Celeste and Shark.
4. Wm. Gibbons names Mariner, by Shark, out of Bonnets of Blue.

First Meeting, Spring, 1839—Three years old, Mile heats; entrance $300, forfeit $100.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. H. Wilkes names produce of Saluda and Barefoot.
2. J. Bathgate names produce of Maid of the Mill and Barefoot.
3. John C. Stevens names produce of Janette and Gohanna.
4. Robt. L. Stevens names produce of Meg Dodds and Shark.
5. Also produce of Celeste's Sister and Richard.
6. John C. Stevens names produce of Goliah's dam and Terror.
7. Wm. Gibbons names Mariner, by Shark, out of Bonnets of Blue.

Second Meeting, Spring, 1839—Match, Mile heats, between the colts of Col. Hampton, of South Carolina, and Mr. Robt L. Stevens, of New York.

FALL, 1839—First Meeting—Three years old, Two mile heats; entrance $300, forfeit $100.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. H. Wilkes names produce of Saluda, by Barefoot.
2. J. Bathgate names produce of Maid of the Mill, by Barefoot.
3. J. C. Stevens names produce of Black Maria, by Gohanna.
4. Robt. L. Stevens names produce of Celeste, by Shark.
5. Also produce of Meg Dodds, by Shark.
6. John C. Stevens names produce of Goliah's dam, by Terror.

SPRING, 1840—First Meeting—Three years old, mile heats; entrance $300, forfeit $100.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. R. F. Stockton names produce of Bianca, by Trustee.
2. Also produce of Imp. Lady Mostyn, by Trustee.
3. Robt. Tillotson names produce of Medoc's dam, by Henry.
4. Robt L. Stevens names produce of Celeste, by Trustee.
5. Also produce of Meg Dodds, by Trustee.
6. A. L. Botts names produce of Ostrich, by Henry.
7. Also produce of Romp, by Henry.

Second Meeting, Spring, 1840—Three years old, Mile heats; the 2d in the last heat to receive back stake, unless one shall win a heat and not be distanced; entrance $1000, ft. $250.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. J. P. Corbin names produce of Preston's dam, by Star.
2. S. Mallory names produce of Caroline James, by Eclipse.
3. J. M. Selden names produce of Florida.
4. John C. Stevens names produce of Floranthe, by Henry.
5. Also produce of Black Maria, by Henry.
6. S. L. Gouverneur names produce of Garland, by Henry.
7. Also produce of Geranium, by Barefoot.
8. B. B. Seaman names produce of Agnes, by Barefoot.
9. Wm. R. Johnson names produce of Trifle, by Star.
10. W. Livingston names produce of Alice Grey, by Tonson.
11. Also produce of Jemima, by Barefoot.
12. I. S. Snedecor names produce of Blank, by Barefoot.
13. H. Wilkes names produce of Saluda, by Barefoot.
14. R. F. Stockton names produce of Miss Mattie, by Trustee.
15. Also produce of Powancey, by Trustee.
16. Also produce of Monmouth's dam, by Trustee.
17. Robt. Tillotson names produce of Polly Jones, by Barefoot.
18. Robt. L. Stevens names produce of Polly Hopkins, by Plenipo'.
19. Also produce of Lalla Rookh, by Tranby.
20. J. W. Seaman names produce of Green's Filho mare, by Henry.

ALEX. L. BOTTS, Secretary N. Y. Jockey Club.

New York, January 5, 1837. [J7]

CULPEPER C. H. SPRING RACES FOR 1837.

THE FOLLOWING SWEEPSTAKES will be run for over the Course of the Culpeper Ct. Hs. Virginia, Jockey Club, in the Spring of 1837.

1st. A Stake for 3 year old colts and fillies, One mile and repeat; entrance $100, half forfeit. Four entries, and closed, viz:—

Robert E. Scott's Charles filly. | James Greene's Restless filly.
Absalom Hickerson's filly by John Richards. | William Cleveland's Charles filly.

2d. A Wheat Stake; 50 bushels entrance, 30 bushels forfeit; One mile and repeat:

Blucher Hansborough's colt by Snow Storm. | Lewis Wall's Macedonian filly.
John S. Greene's f by Restless. | Wm. & Philip Slaughter's ch f by Macedonian.
J. C. Gibson's f by Macedonian. | All 3 yr olds.

3d. A Stake will be open until the 15th of March, for 3 year old colts and fillies, now owned in Culpeper County, and any county adjoining, and counties next to adjoining counties, or which may have been raised in any of said counties; One mile and repeat; entrance $50, forfeit $30. Four or more to make a race. Already 2 entries. Any entry can be changed till 15th March.

4th. A Stake for any horse, mare, or gelding in the counties mentioned in 3d Stake, except Sybrant; One mile and repeat; entrance $50, forfeit $30; 4 or more to make a race. To close on the 15th March, up to which time any named entry may be changed.

Besides the above races, there will be a handsome purse given by the Proprietor, to be run for, Two miles and repeat, free for any horse. And it is understood that a match will be run at the same time, for $1000 a-side.

Culpeper C. H., Va., Jan. 4, 1837. [J21] THE PROPRIETOR.

SOUTH CAROLINA JOCKEY CLUB.

THE ANNUAL RACES over the Washington Course, near Charleston, S. C., will commence on Monday, the 20th Feb. 1837, with a Sweepstakes for colts and fillies, 3 years old, Two mile heats, entrance $300, h. ft. Closed with 5 subscribers, viz.: Col. Hampton, Col. Singleton, Col. Butler, J. G. Guignard, Esq., and W. Sinkler, Esq.

On Wednesday, the 22d.—Jockey Club Purse $1000, Four mile heats, free for horses of all ages.

On Thursday, the 23d.—Jockey Club Purse $600, Three mile heats, free for horses of all ages.

On Friday, the 24th.—Jockey Club Purse $400, Two mile heats. No horse allowed to start for this Purse that is not under 5 years.

On Saturday, the 25th.—Handicap Purse, Three mile heats.

In the week following the Citizens' Purse will be run for.

Besides the above Purses, the Club will also give $50 a day (the entrance money to be added) for a second race, Two mile heats, weights for age.

Charleston, S. C. Nov. 14, 1836. [n26–m6.] JOHN B. IRVING, Secretary

IMPORTED TRUSTEE.

THIS magnificent horse is now at my stables, near the Union Course, Long Island, and will be put to mares at $60 the season, and $1 to the groom, payable on the first of July. Trustee ran third for the Derby, 101 subscribers, and was purchased by the Duke of Cleaveland after the race, for 2000 guineas, and was purchased from him by Messrs. Ogden & Corbin, and sent to the United States.

The subscriber is not liable for accidents or escapes.

New York, Jan. 21, 1837. JOHN R. SNEDIKER.

Pedigree and Performances of Trustee.

Trustee, a ch. h. foaled in 1829, and bred by W Ridsdale, was got by Catton, out of Emma, by Whisker, brother to Whalebone, Woful, Wire, &c., and the dam of Memnon, The Colonel, Emma, Gibside, Fairy, by Hermes, out of Vicissitude, by Pipator—Beatrice, by Sir Peter, &c. &c. See Stud Book.

Catton, sire of Trustee, was got by Golumpus, own brother to Hedley and Wanderer, his dam Lucy Gray, by Timothy, (by Delpini, out of Cora, by Matchem,) grandam Lucy, by Florizel, out of Phrensy, by Eclipse.

Catton won 7 times at Doncaster, 11 at York, 3 at Newmarket, and one at Preston. During his career he won 14 successive races, and walked over one. As will be seen by the Calendar, he was one of the best four milers of his day, and is the sire of many well-known winners, among whom are Tarrare, winner of the St. Leger, Anna, sister to Tarrare, David, Contest, Minster, Diana, Lady Charlotte, Mundig, &c. &c. See Weatherby's Racing Calendar.

At the Epsom meeting, 1835, Mundig, own brother to Trustee, won the Derby Stakes for 3 year olds, carrying 8st. 7lbs., mile and a half, 128 subscribers; 14 started; beating Ascot, Pelops, Ibrahim, Silenus, Coriolanus, by Emilius, &c. &c. 7 to 4 agst Ibrahim, 3 to 1 agst Ascot, 6 to 1 agst Mundig. Ascot came in second, Ibrahim not placed.

At Epsom meeting, in the Spring of 1832, Trustee ran third to St. Giles (St. Giles, Margrave, and Trustee at this time all belonged to the same owners, Gully and Ridsdale) for the Derby Stakes, 101 subscribers, beating Margrave, (winner of the St. Leger Stakes both at Doncaster and Newmarket,) Beiram, (winner of the July and Prendergast Stakes,) Kate, Emiliana, Non Compos, Rounceval, Mixbury, and 13 others, 23 having started. After this race, Trustee was purchased by the Duke of Cleaveland for 2000 guineas.

At Doncaster, the same year, he was beaten by Margrave and Birdcatcher, none others placed; 73 subs.

At the Newmarket Houghton meeting, same year, Trustee, (at 8st. 4lb.) ridden by Chifney, beat Mr. Greville's Dryad, 7st. 10lb., D. M., a match, 300 sovs. a-side, h. ft. 2 to 1 on Trustee.

At the Newmarket Craven meeting, 1833, Trustee ran second to Rounceval, (whom he had previously beaten) for the Oatland Stakes, D. I., 15 subscribers; beating Consol, Beiram, Bizarre, Lady Fly, Argent, and Hokee Pokee. At the same meeting he won the Claret Stakes of 200 sovs each, h ft, carrying 8st 7lb, D I., 8 subs; beating Minster, Beiram, and Margrave a second time; even betting on Trustee. At Newmarket, First Spring meeting, he beat Lord Conyngham's Minster, 8st 7lbs each, a match across the flat, 200 sovs, h ft; 7 to 4 on Trustee. At York August meeting, same year, 1833, he was beaten by Voluna, for the great subscription, 2 miles, 11 subs; 5 to 2 on Trustee. At the same meeting was beaten by Voluna and Titus, carrying 8st 3lb; 2 miles.

At the Doncaster September meeting, he won the Claret Stakes, carrying 8st 5lbs, 2 miles, 3 subs; beating Pickpocket, by St. Patrick, &c. At the Newmarket Craven meeting, 1834, Trustee ran second to Sir Mark Wood's Oaks filly Vespa, D. I., carrying 8st 10lbs, and beating b c Lottery, out of Pledge, Lord Exeter's Galata, [winner of the Oaks,] Chantilly, Ann, by Catton, and Col. Peel's Malibran; 4 to 1 agst Malibran, 9 to 2 agst Trustee, and 8 to 1 agst Vespa. In this race Trustee was lamed, but at the Newmarket First Spring meeting, 1835, having stood his training, he was run against and beaten by Col. Peel's Nonsense, and Lord Exeter's Datura, when Lord Cleaveland ordered him to be sold. [J21

Catton, Trustee's sire, had *seven* winners last year [1836] on the English turf, who won twelve prizes. He has thirty-two of his get already entered for "the big things" to be run in 1837. In 1835 Catton had six winners—Mundig, Aratus, Contest, Chancellor, Zora, etc., who won ten prizes, including the Derby Stakes at Epsom, of 3,300*l.*, and 600*l.* at Doncaster.

Whisker, the sire of Trustee's dam, Emma, has several very fine runners on the English turf. In 1835 Whisker's get won eleven prizes, including the gold cups at Liverpool and Northallerton.

BLOODED STOCK FOR SALE.

CAPTAIN STOCKTON, of the U.S. Navy, having determined to retire from the Turf, offers for sale his entire Stock of Thorough Bred Horses.

Stallions.

No. 1.—The imported horse TRUSTEE, foaled in 1829, by Catton, out of Emma, by Whisker, full brother to Mundig, the winner of the Derby in 1835, and was a capital race horse himself. See English Racing Calendar. [*SOLD.*]

No. 2.—POWHATTAN, grey horse, 16 hands high, foaled in 1830, by Monsieur Tonson, out of the celebrated four mile mare, Iris, by Archy. He was a horse of great promise as a racer. He won mile heats and 3 mile heats from good fields, and broke down in running 4 mile heats against Post Boy and Henry Archy.

No. 3.—DASHALL, br. h. foaled in 1825, 16 hands high, by Archy, out of Meg Dodds, full sister to Miss Mattie, and Isabella—his dam now owned by Mr. R. L. Stevens, of New York. He was a capital racer himself, and his colts are amongst the most promising in New Jersey.

Horses in Training.

No. 4.—MIDDLESEX, ch. h., 16 hands high, by Sir Charles, out of Powancey, by Alfred—her dam Virgo, by Imp. Sir Peter Teazle, out of Castinira, the dam of Archy. There are very few horses in the United States that rank higher for speed or beauty than Middlesex.

No. 5.—BERGEN, gr. c. foaled in 1833, by Medley, out of Charlotte Pace. This is a horse of good speed and bottom. For the pedigree of Charlotte Pace see No. 15.

No. 6.—Imported b. h. LANGFORD, by Starch, out of Peri, the dam of Hercules, purchased by J. P. Corbin, Esq. from the King's Stud at Hampton Court—foaled in 1833. He was the winner of the great Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, over the National Course, Spring of 1836.

No. 7.—Imported b. h. JOHN BULL, foaled 1833, by Chateau Margaux, dam by Woful—grandam Beningbrough, g. g. dam Highflyer—See English Stud Book. This horse has never been started, but is a colt of great promise.

No. 8.—Ch. c. SOMERSET, foaled 1834, by Sir Charles, out of the dam of Middlesex.

No. 9.—B. f. MARGARET, foaled 1834, by Dashall, out of Young Nettletop, the dam of Monmouth. For pedigree of Young Nettletop see No. 18.

Colts and Fillies.

No. 10.—Ch. f. by Eclipse, out of Charlotte Pace, foaled 1835. For pedigree of Charlotte Pace see No. 15.

No. 11.—Bay f. by Eclipse, dam Miss Mattie, foaled 1835—for pedigree of Miss Mattie see No. 19.

No. 12.—Chesnut colt by Monmouth Eclipse, out of the dam of Middlesex, foaled 1835

No. 13—Chesnut filly by Powhattan, out of Blanche, foaled 1835—see No. 20.

No. 14—Chesnut colt by Shark, out of Miss Mattie, foaled 1836—see No. 19.

Brood Mares.

No. 15—Bay mare CHARLOTTE PACE, by Archy, her dam by the Imp. horse Restless, out of Green's celebrated Celer mare by Janus—stinted to Trustee.

No. 16—Chesnut mare POWANCEY, by Alfred, out of Virgo, by Sir Peter Teazle, imported, out of Castinira, the dam of Archy—stinted to Trustee.

No. 17—Gray mare BIANCA, foaled 1830, by Medley, out of Powancey—stinted to Trustee.

No. 18—Chesnut mare YOUNG NETTLETOP, by Marshal Duroc, out of Old Nettletop, by Diomed—Imp. horse Old Sharke—Lindsay's Arabian—Lee's Old Mark Anthony—Imp. horse Silver Eye—Imp. horse Crawford—Imp. horse Old Janus—Imp. Mare—See Am. Stud Book, page 361. Stinted to Trustee.

No. 19—Bay mare MISS MATTIE, by Archy, out of Black Ghost—Miss Mattie is own sister to Wynn's celebrated mare Isabella, the dam of Drone and Martha Washington—See Am. Stud Book, vol. 1, page 267. Stinted to Trustee.

No. 20—Chesnut mare BLANCHE, foaled 1821, by Marshal Duroc, dam Cornet, by Expedition, grandam Cleopatra, by Imp. Slender, g g dam Semiramis, by Messenger, g g g dam the Bashaw mare—Stinted to Trustee.

No. 21—Imported bay mare LADY MOSTYN, foaled 1831; got by Teniers, out of Invalid, by Whisker; grandam Helen, by Hambletonian, g g dam Susan, out of Drowsy, by Drone; Mr. Goodrich's Old England mare, &c. See English Stud Book and Weatherby's Racing Calendar. Stinted to Trustee.

No. 22—Gray mare HELEN, foaled 1830; by Lance, dam by Oscar—Expedition, Imp. Highlander—Fair American, by Lloyd's Traveller—Miss Slamerkin, by Wildair, out of the Imp. Cub mare, by Cub. Stinted to Trustee.

These horses have been selected from the most fashionable Stock in the United States and in England, without regard to cost. They are estimated to be worth over 40,000 dollars, but will be sold together for $30,000, or one or more at a low valuation.

The horses in training can be seen at J. K. Van Mater's, near Monmouth Court House, and the others at Capt. Stockton's farm, near Princeton, N. J. [d24–6m]

PERRY'S COFFEE HOUSE, *BUFFALO*, NEW-YORK.
feb 20 J. H. PERRY.

A TRAINER WANTED.

WANTED, by a gentleman at Murfreesboro', Tenn., about August, 1837, a person capable of taking the management and training of a stable of horses, to whom a liberal salary will be given, with every encouragement. Apply to JOHN HOLMES.
o15. Murfreesboro', Tenn.

BLOODED STOCK FOR SALE.

NO. 1. bay mare, *Lady of the Lake*, 24 years old, by Imp. Sir Harry, dam by Imp. Diomed, grandam, by Imp. St. George, g g dam by Imp. Fearnought, g g g dam by Imp. Jolly Roger, out of an Imported mare, now stinted and in foal to Imp. Leviathan.

No. 2. Ch. m. *Charlotte Hamilton*, 10 years old, by Sir Charles, dam No. 1—stinted and in foal to Imp. Leviathan.

No. 3. B. m. *Molly Seagrim*, by Randolph, 6 yrs. (by Tenn. Oscar, out of his full sister her dam No. 1.

No. 4. G. c. *Daniel O'Connell*, 4 yrs. old, by Sir Henry Tonson, dam No. 1.

No. 5. Ch. f. *Jenny Deans*, 3 years old, by Pizarro, (by Old Pacolet, dam by Florizel, grandam by Grey Diomed, &c.) dam No. 2, stinted to Leviathan.

No. 6. B. f. *Cockahanna*, by Cock of the Rock, dam No. 2, now in a Sweepstakes to be run at Gallatin, the fall of 1839, two mile heats, 13 entries at $100 each, and closed.

The above are of the best blood and shape, and are for sale; application to be made to
[n12] G. W. PARKER, Gallatin, Tenn.

TO SPORTSMEN.

ROBT. A. REED, 76 Chatham-street, New-York, manufactures and repairs all descriptions of Guns, Pistols, and all the variety of sporting apparatus, in the best possible manner.

R. A. R. has always on hand a great variety of Guns, Pistols, Cleaning Apparatus, Wadcutters, Bullet-moulds, Nipple-wrenches, Powder-flasks and Horns, Shot-bags and Pouches, Lock-vices, Game-bags, &c. &c., all of which he warrants of the best quality and at moderate prices. Buys and exchanges new and second-hand Guns, Pistols, and all articles connected with his business.

R. A. REED takes the present opportunity of returning his thanks to the public for the patronage so liberally bestowed upon him since his commencement in business, and assures them that no exertion shall be wanting to retain its present and deserve its future favors.

R. A. REED, 76 Chatham-street.

N.B. A large assortment of *Ducking Guns*, suitable for the present season. feb 20

SOUTHERN HOTEL.

THE subscriber having leased that well known establishment 157 Broadway, (late Niblo's), begs to inform his friends and the public, that it is now undergoing thorough renovation in painting and furnishing throughout, and will be open for the accommodation of travellers and permanent boarders on the 14th inst. Having secured a very superior assortment of wines and liquors, and intending to conduct this establishment on the most approved and liberal plan, he trusts, by every attention, an excellent larder and able assistants, to merit a share of public patronage. [n12] EDWARD OTTEY, 157 Broadway.

THEATRICAL.

PLAYS, OPERAS, and FARCES, No. 90 Division St, New York.—TURNER & FISHER import direct from London every Play, immediately on being issued from the press, with the utmost possible regularity and despatch, and keep always on hand the largest assortment of theatrical works in the country.

Managers of Theatres, Ladies and Gentlemen of the profession, Clubs, Amateurs, &c. will find it to their interest to call before seeking elsewhere, as the advertisers assure them that nothing in the play way can be purchased, but which will be found at their establishment, and which will be disposed of on the most accommodating terms.

Now publishing in numbers, "Turner's Dramatic Library of Acting Plays," embracing the most popular pieces of the present day.

Cumberland's British and Minor Drama; Duncomb's British Theatre; Miller's Modern Acting Drama; Strange's edition of Buckstone's Dramas, and Bayly's Farces—complete sets always on sale.

Wholesale orders attended to with promptness.

New plays done up in strong wrappers, and sent by mail to any part of the Union. [d17

TO THE SPORTING AND FASHIONABLE WORLD.

WILLIAM F. GRIFFIN & CO. would respectfully inform their Friends and the Public, and Gentlemen from the South and West, that they have taken the Store formerly occupied by Mr. Thomas Richards & Morrell, No. 240 Pearl St. corner of Burling Slip, where they would respectfully invite the attention of gentlemen purchasing Clocks and Watches as they have received and are continually receiving Invoices of First rate watches consisting of London Duplex, Lever, Lepine, and Verge Watches. Some of their Watches having Independent Second Hands with the stop Work arranged out side of the case are allowed by the best Judges to be the most correct article ever introduced for *marking time*. Gentlemen desirous of purchasing any of the above articles are requested to give us a call as our prices will be found most satisfactory. These Watches being chiefly of our own importation we are enabled to sell them as low as any other establishment in the city. Gentlemen are requested to call and inspect the New Assortment, which for Quality and Price are equal, if not superior to any in the City.

A CARD.

W. FULLER respectfully informs his subscribers and the public in general, that both Gymnasiums, 205 Green-street, near Bleecker-street, and 333 Broadway, corner of Anthony-street, have re-opened for the season.—"Bodily exercise strengthens, and a sedentary life weakens the constitution; therefore it is necessary to keep up the balance between body and mind."—SPURZHEIM.

Sparring and Fencing taught as usual, upon the most approved principles. s3.

AMERICAN LUNCH.

THIS establishment was opened in February last, and the patronage extended to it calls forth the warmest acknowledgments of the undersigned. He would, at the same time, assure his friends and the public generally, that no effort shall be wanting on his part, to secure to them, at all times, the best the market affords; and he respectfully solicits a continuance of the same liberal patronage. S. T. EDWARDS.

J. T. GOSDEN.

PRINCIPAL FLUTE OF THE PARK THEATRE, and late of the Baltimore orchestras, continues to give instruction on the above instrument, and the piano forte.

Terms may be known at his residence, No. 6 Ann street, near Broadway. [n26.]

HARVEY BURDELL, M. D.

OFFICE, No. 67 Chambers-street, near Broadway. july 2

THE AMERICAN HOUSE.

NO. 18 South Sixth-street, opposite Minor-street, and between Chesnut and Market streets; Philadelphia.

This neat and commodious establishment, having undergone many material alterations in the hands of the present proprietor, is now offered to the public, as possessing peculiar and prominent advantages for the accommodation of travellers, whether single, or with families, or parties.

Being located in the centre of the business division, and in the immediate vicinity of the most fashionable promenades and resorts of the city, it is peculiarly adapted to the convenience and accommodation of every variety of patronage with which it may be honored.

Possessing all the advantages of the largest Hotels, without the crowd, noise, and bustle attendant thereupon, it affords to visitors every privilege of the public house, with the quiet and comfort of a private residence.

By a strict attention to the larder, and a constant supply of every luxury that can add to the enjoyment of his guests, the proprietor hopes to receive a liberal share of public patronage. [J21] R. G. HERRING.

SHAKSPEARE HOTEL.

THE Subscriber has recently opened the splendid new Hotel, erected on the site of Harmony Hall, on the corner of William and Duane streets, which will be conducted on an entire new plan, that he hopes will give satisfaction to his friends and the public generally. He will always keep the best the market affords—such as Birds, Fish, Flesh, &c. The Bar will be furnished with the best of Liquors. Oysters served up in the best style.

Attached to the Hotel is a large and commodious REFECTORY, where meals can be had at all hours at a moment's notice.

The subscriber formerly kept the Park Hall at Boston, and hopes by a strict attention to the comfort of his customers, to merit a share of public patronage.

[d24] AMOS S. ALLEN, Shakspeare Hotel and Refectory.

FASHIONABLE HAT STORE.

FASHIONABLE Hat Establishment and Manufactory.—Coupland & Co., 23 Bowery, east side, four doors south of Bayard street. Hats sold retail at wholesale prices, warranted of the very best materials and manufacture, to retain shape and color, in beaver, fur, and satin beaver; also, the admired Drab Hat; with Boys and Childrens' Hats of Black and Drab; Palm Leaf do. and Caps; with every article in the line. Country merchants would find it advantageous to purchase here at satisfactory and accommodating terms. jy 23.

BARDOTTE & CARTER.

GENTLEMEN'S DRESSING ROOM & PERFUMERY WAREHOUSE, No. 146 Broadway, up stairs. mar 5

SUPERIOR PASTE BLACKING.

JAMES DARCY & CO.'S BLACKING MANUFACTORY, No. 4 Courtland-street, N. York. Where all orders will be thankfully received, and punctually attended to.

☞ Wholesale purchasers will find it their advantage to call at the Old Establishment.
mar 12

WANTED,

CAST OFF CLOTHING, at Michael Levy's 82 1-2 Chatham-street, near Chatham-street chapel. N. B. Please to notice the number. mar 5

MUSIC! MUSIC!! MUSIC!!!

ATWILL'S MUSIC SALOON, 201 Broadway, below St. Paul's Church.—Purchasers of Music can at all times find at this establishment the largest and most valuable assortment in the city. The collection of music comprises the publications of all the music stores of Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and this city, consisting of new and admired Songs, Marches, and Waltzes, all the most popular Variations. Rondos, Concertos, Duetts, &c. for the Piano Guitar and Violin.

Foreign publications of music regularly received from Europe by the packets.

Instruction Books, Scales and Gamuts, for every instrument, including the Accordion.

Purchasers will find the counter covered with all the newest and most favorite Songs and Pieces: also books of the same, bound for the convenience of persons leaving the city.

In addition to the assortment of music, are all the various works on the science and composition of music, by Burrows, Catell, Calcutt, Mason, &c.

The price of music, as sold at this establishment, is as low (if not cheaper) as at the other shops about town.

Seminaries, Music Dealers, and Artists of the profession supplied on the most reasonable terms. Orders from every part of the United States, or elsewhere, attended to with the greatest care and despatch.

JOSEPH F. ATWILL, Music Saloon.
jy 23. 201 Broadway, near St. Paul's Church.

PEALE'S MUSEUM.

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